

CANADIAN  
TRAILS  
REVISITED

—  
ELDRED  
WALKER

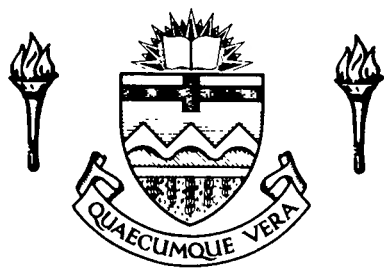
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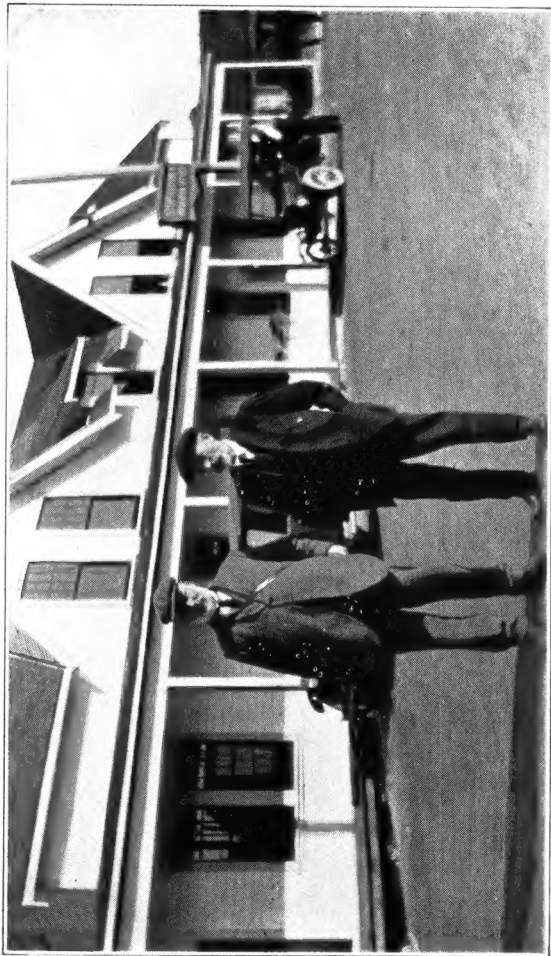


To Donald Ory  
from Grandma

1929







A PAIR OF GOOD REPRESENTATIVES OF ZUMMERSET STANDING OUTSIDE THE CANADIAN CUSTOMS  
OFFICE AT BLAINE, WASHINGTON.  
THE AUTHOR, ELDRED G. F. WALKER, AND J. PAYTON.

# CANADIAN TRAILS RE-VISITED

BY  
ELDRED G. F. WALKER  
(NORTH SOMERSET).

*Author of*  
"CANADIAN TRAILS," "AGRICULTURE OF SOMERSET,"  
ETC., ETC.

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## FOREWORD.

Life has its milestones the same as our highways. But there is often a deal of travel on the by-ways that somehow does not appear to count; meanwhile the aggregate is totting up all the same. Some people think that by keeping to the highways of life they see it all and learn to know it all. It is much as sailing into a big port at the mouth of a mighty river; neither river nor port would be there were it not for that little trickle, perhaps from beneath a glacier in the remote but mighty mountains far away back, which is the source of that river. Well do I remember once taking the then Premier of South Australia for a tour in my beloved Somerset. As we were driving homewards he remarked, "You do not live in the country, nor in a park even, but just in one beautiful garden." Now we know that gardeners, by reason of their intensive methods, are men of small things: give them perches of land they succeed, put them on the broader acreage of agriculture they often fail. We in England are apt to continue to be gardeners and fail to realise the magnitude of those fields of agriculture as represented by the Great Dominions beyond the seas. We hear of them, but to see and know them is another matter. Too often we farmers at home regard them in the yellow light of financial competitors rather than complements in the links of the mighty chain of Empire. The sooner we get this idea out of our heads the better. Our agriculturists can no more allow the rails of their barton gates to confine their ideas, than a commercial man his business to those

that walk in and out his office door. In 1912 I paid a visit to Canada in order to gain impressions of that huge magnetic field that was attracting so many of our sons and daughters. I was so interested with what I saw that when I returned I put my impressions into print, firstly, as articles in that well-known West of England paper, "The Bristol Western Daily Press," and later aggregated them into a book, "Canadian Trails." Twelve years having passed, a full quota of one of the ages of man, once again I thought that I would re-visit some of those old trails and find new ones in Canada. So last July I went sailing, this time from Southampton instead of Liverpool. The ocean liner had practically doubled in size, Eastern Canadian trails had remained much the same. I did not go to the mining districts. The railways had immensely improved with a much faster Trans-Continental service. Beyond Winnipeg great changes were visible. Immense sums of money must have flowed in as represented by the banks and public buildings in the towns. Agriculture in many parts was suffering from over grasps quite as much as from re-action; first from land booming and real estate method, followed by war prices' inflation. It was now finding its level and settling down. Farmers were not afraid of pulling out from unsuitable localities and trying their luck anew on the amplitude of virgin soils that yet remain. And farmers in some districts, by means of co-operation and more intelligent methods, are freeing themselves from the trade or rather, financial shackles, that had been woven around them. And the lot of the partner of their joys and sorrows has decidedly improved. That diminutive structure of sods and timber, the homesteaders' shack, has gone

with all its loneliness. The motor-car has annihilated distance from township, the telephone contributes to neighbourly communication, and radio has added much to the amenities of home-life even out on the prairies. And Canada has begun to sell its scenery in entire repudiation of the old adage "You can't eat your pudding and have it as well." Canada is destined to be the World's Scenic Holiday Camp. Horsemanship will long remain with those Trail Riders of the Rockies when it has become a lost art elsewhere. The development of the towns on the West Coast has indeed been remarkable, particularly so Vancouver. Once again I am indebted to the proprietors of "The Western Daily Press" for the assistance they have afforded me in compiling the sequel to "Canadian Trails" in the form of "Canadian Trails Re-visited."

CHEWSTOKE,  
BRISTOL.



## CHAPTER I.

### A LITTLE BIT OF HOME SENTIMENT.

**T**WELVE years is not long to look back upon, but twelve years forward is a far different matter. The back years are realised, but of those ahead who can tell? Twelve years ago I visited Canada. Wireless as a home comfort was unknown then, and it was considered wonderful that the big ships could pick up Morse so as to enable newspapers to be printed on board. Now I had made up my mind to go across the Great Waters once more and I trust that the result of the very long journey I have undertaken will be of mutual benefit to that great Dominion across the sea and to my confreres who are staying at home in the endeavour to wring a living out of those centuries-tilled fields against the virgin soil of the other. The English farmer cannot have been altogether negligent in keeping his soil in such good fettle, as he undoubtedly has, to enable it to support generations of his ancestors and in turn to pass it on to his descendants. It is simply wonderful how the fertility of the soil has been kept up. How many businesses can boast of a 500 years' record, yet our farming can easily exceed this. And it's not the farming, but the economic conditions that he must face, that will whack him in the end. We must not, however, forget that the fewer nuts on the old hazel bush, the fewer the squirrels that can extract sustenance therefrom. Trade and commerce, even with their scissors-like jaws, cannot thrive long on a neglected agriculture, and it is the various

phases of this agriculture that I have travelled far and wide to study. Why is it that the intelligent English farmer now eats Danish butter? Simply because the English farmer knows that the butter is good, and that he cannot produce it at the money. The bacon problem worries the English farmer much more than the butter problem. The English farmer knows that he ought to grow his own bacon but cannot, the Dane grows his own produce and consumes it in the production of the most saleable article. If the English farmer grew more of the items that his stock consumed instead of purchasing so much, wouldn't this be more helpful to the country?

Such were the ideas that passed through my mind during the all-essential period of hasty preparations.

When we look forward twelve years, what does it mean to the average individual? Who can tell, if we go on, what those twelve years will contain? If perchance we stop short, someone else will take up the trail and continue the tale, and so the human element throbs along between the Old World and the New.

Didn't I well remember that July morning twelve years ago when the better half had carefully packed my belongings as only a woman can? Then they were loaded up, and dear old Fly went away with all the joyousness of a quadruped along non tarred roads to Pensford. The sweet tap tap of those feet in the morning air! No summertime to get up early! We rose early of our own free will, and not in an artificially created atmosphere of make-believe. We had more realities then as compared with the artificialities of the present. Now, alas! Poor old Fly cannot hear even by wireless, "Horsey keep your tail up!"

The old home—is it the same? There are roses in

the garden, and the musk grows in its pot on the window sill; but alike they have lost that delightful perfume that rendered them ever so sweet. No longer do we hear the bees humming around, because there are no bees left to hum. True, the martins twitter from their little mud houses beneath the eaves. The old starlings' descendants would carry on their mimicry from the chimney top were they not stopped by that squawk of Jack in the Garden.

Zumhow, when we travel we do think of the old home and those that are in it. Them bwoys have grown up, and must be content to move along with the world even more and more speedy. How should I go? I thought of the days and ways of Fly, but "them bwoys" says "Douglas," and my companion of 70,000 miles was brought forth, duly loaded up, and away we went. Not this time to Pensford, where the station-master has grown grey in waiting for that traffic of which motors have deprived him. Anyway I determined to go by the Great Western from Bristol. How nice it would be to renew my acquaintance with Canada and the Canadians. Should I find things changed over there, or running along on the lines of Tennyson's brook.

Anyway, after the usual shopping, I didn't pack my things into those great gaping leather bags this time. I had learnt what carrying one's grip in the form of a small box car meant last time as regards economy of space and of weight. Well, I was not going to take two pairs of boots when I could make one pair do, and this nearly cost me the services of my most faithful helpmate, who expected to stow away as much in my grip as the usual vanity bag produces for the cuter sex. Having made everything ready, then followed

the start. Our roads are smoother than the pavements were a dozen years ago.

Bristol! I believe those newspaper chaps had waked the porters up, but not the girls in the refreshment rooms, on the upside at least. Half an hour to wait! There were others doing the same. One I saw had travelled. He had been out on the other side, made a bit, come back to buy a business, and found this was a far easier matter than making it pay. So he was going back again, and taking his son with him. Another, a big burly fellow, came along the platform. He was carrying two tennis rackets at 6 in the morning, and, of course, staying in England.

The sun rose and illuminated that dark tunnel-like station, then the G.W.R. "Sightseer" steamed forth en route for Southampton.

How lovely those wisps of fog curling up from the surface of the Avon! to spread like gossamer curtains over the Keynsham Hams; glimpses of the green carpet of the pastures, and ever and anon a willow hanging over the stream. Bath! The mists of the morning were dissipated, and the landscape was bathed in golden sunshine. Cattle, semi-somnolent in the fields, fairly welcomed the milkers with their pails. Past a field of oats just turning towards maturity: hardly any wheat or barley! Whatever is cultivation coming to in this old country of ours? It's grass in the fields and milk churns at the station.

So the train took me on through Wiltshire, where some of the arable lands were literally fields of the cloth of gold. Fewer sheep on the downs, less ploughs in the fields, and more cattle on every patch of grass than I can ever remember before.

Old England was beautiful. That blaze of poppies

in the corn! Who durst say it lacked colour? That moorhen which twitched its white tail as it walked to the reeded ditch! Who durst say that it lacked homeliness of a kind alike to be appreciated and remembered? Was it this or those old thatched houses with the church nestling amongst the clustering trees, which, singly or collectively, bound the olden-time emigrant's heart to the homeland? Surely it could not be those narrow streets of our towns with serried rows of houses having a similarity of windows with a viewless aspect. Did not the rural child make daisy chains in those fields, whilst the recollection of one from the city went back to when he scuttled like a rabbit into his burrow?

But should we have the flame of the Rambler rose on the low brick wall if someone had not travelled and visited other lands? What we might have lost if we had all remained at home and married our cousins as they one time did at Butcombe!

Apples in the refreshment room in July! But have they that superb flavour of the Tom Putts which we climbed the tree for in Hookeyed Tommas's orchard in days gone by? When I cross the Atlantic shall I meet men who can remember the flavour of those Tom Putts, or of what Hookeyed Tommas did when he caught them up the tree? It was part of the game, and when they got back in their younger days, all father said was "Zarr thee right, I hae a mind to ge thee another." Talk about hiding a boy now! What would one get? But those hidings—did they not prepare the boy, when he grew to be a man, to face the buffets of the world without blinking?

More fields—water meadows. The water is used for growing grass here. They use it for other purposes

on the other side. An old English flower garden, Roses, Clematis. Such a picture! How many generations of a family have been engaged in building, laying-out, and developing that garden?



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "PRINCESS OF SCOTLAND"



QUEBEC FROM LEVIS, SHOWING CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC



## CHAPTER II.

### A LANDSMAN AT SEA.

The train takes us on, and there is Southampton. How its docks have grown and grown and now holds the fast liner shipping of the world. A glance ; there she is, sitting as complacently as a duck on the water, but with a deal of movement on her back, as passengers climb up the gangways and swarm along the deck of that fine Canadian Pacific liner, the "Empress of Scotland." How many friends we shall make in the few days that she will take in conveying us across to that city where Wolfe made such a name for himself ! And from thence I hope to resume my story of olden trails revisited and new ones discovered.

There may be much praise for Southampton as a port, but every time gi'e I Bristol as regards the Docks' station, and our G.W.R. boys, bless 'em ! as compared with the Southampton manners and practices. By devious persuasions, I got that piece of luggage from the van to outside the station, and there I found a veritable Jehu of old, ready and willing to take me into the august presence of the " Empress of Scotland," evidently on two conditions, one that I paid him well, the other that, unlike his namesake of old, he was not required to drive furiously. The old driver might have been capable, but with my ripened agricultural experience, I had doubts as to th' hoss. But, acting on the principle of praising the bridge that carries one

safely over the stream, I doubt whether I should ever have got to the ship—not that it was an insignificant object—if it had not been for that Jehu—one of the faithful few in keeping up the horse link of civilisation.

I got on board somewhere down amidships, and, to become Americanised at once, that elevator took me right up to the top, where I was soon installed in as comfortable a state-room as man could desire. Then my nautical troubles began. I knew that a round look-out in a ship's side is a porthole. But what about a nice oblong glass window with French shutters? Now be that a porthole or a "winder"? No one has been ungenerous enough to suggest that I am a landlubber because I don't know, but when I stuck my head out droo 'un and looked at the water—why, it was as high as Stoke tower, pinnacles and all, and nearly turned I giddy. It must be remembered that the "Empress of Scotland," which is owned by the Canadian Pacific, is "some boat," being 676 feet long. To walk round her a few times soon tots up a mile. And she is 25,000 tons gross. How they got her on the weighbridge I haven't yet found out, but these being official figures, well, I take them as being, like the Income Tax demand note—correct.

Now when I went to sea before, the ships burned coal, but this one burns oil. And if it costs anything like my lamp oil at home why, of course, it must cost a deal to run her. Because when I got to look her over a bit she was a small town, and it took between 500—600 crew to work her. I found out all this because I got there early. I leaned over the side and tried to learn a bit more, and one item was the totally unsuitable trunks that travellers will use to

put their personal belongings in. Once in the slings, they won't stand compression. Then came the bugle, warning visitors off the ship.

Has travelling become less sentimental? In the olden days there was the inevitable blubber revue, with tears and linen scenic effects. To-day it was he rather than "the bird" that made an attempt to "Pipe the eye." Says one, just as the gangway was being put on shore, "Guess this is the fast ship on the Canadian service; but why is it your Prince is going via New York?" That American evidently was out to chum up, and I was nothing loath. The screws began to revolve, it was lunch time, and, when we came on deck the Isle of Wight was a picture bounding in that Southampton Water. We were not heading for Canada yet, but going right across to that great French port of Cherbourg.

Arrived there we saw the hills behind had been eaten into for a succession of years to provide material to prevent raids alike by sea and man! Those big rocks had broken many a huge wave into atomic spray. What murderous tubes of varying types of calibre had succeeded each other in those forts so solidly built. But to-day it was peace.

The Channel was in passive mood. Scarce a whiff of smoke came from our funnels. A smart little tender came out. She appeared but as a cockle shell beside our liner. But there was a deal of meat in that cockle-shell. Our Chief Steward must be a cute individual. He had marshalled his under stewards, and they were as busy as a string of ants running up and down that gangway, each bringing back a basketful of the "goodies" of France. It takes something to feed those on board a liner.

A blast from the syren, and we glided away down Channel. The shores of France began to fade away in the distance. The visibility had been superb. Bugle for dinner. I was tired, very tired, but still I must remain on deck, and see day fade into night. Those flashing lights on the Casquets told of the community of interest between those on the land and on the sea. It was air, life giving air. But there would be far more of it on the morrow.

Fancy a farmer asleep until eight o'clock in the morning, and goodness knows how much longer I should have slept had it not been for the steward who said my bath was ready. Talk about your "Wessun mud splashes!" Here indeed was salt water pumped right in from the ocean. Breakfast! Who said anything about being sea-sick? Anyway, some of them ate enough to qualify even without the assistance of the sea. But I soon learnt this is part of the Atlantic summer game—to eat and sleep, to wake, eat and sleep again. Surely. Were we not experiencing the "Elegance of Indolence?" I had my valet. There was no doubt now about my tie being in the correct position as off we went to Church service. Where does a service so appeal to one as aboard a ship? There's the ship, the sea, the sky . . . . .

Lunch! And now I learn where the best Stilton cheese goes to. I have often desired a taste in London after the London Dairy Show, but somehow could not get it. It was a grand cheese of last year's make. "Do you mean to eat cheese like that and live?" says one of my table companions as he struggled with a piece of three-part skimmed Continental gasbag carrying a wonderful name. To tell the truth I didn't want them to go for that Stilton, it was too good. We went out

on deck, and it was evident if we had lost our land, the "Kappen" still retained his bearings.

Early that morning one dark and three white gulls had followed us. Sometimes they flew alongside the ship, then dropped back, and came on in a cluster with wings but a few inches apart, and yet never touching. It was not only a picture, but a study. This went on for hours. They were joined by other gulls, and after that we lost all of our gulls. What instinct guides those birds, telling them when to stop short and return to land?

One steamer only seen all day. Evening; a very fine cinema show, and so Sunday went.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A CALIFORNIAN RANCHER AND LIFE ABOARD.

Monday! Might as well begin the week well. Struck up an acquaintance with a large Californian rancher. He told me of the origin and wonderful success of the Polled Herefords, which are steadily ousting the horned breeds, of the change in public taste for smaller and choicer joints, and the banishment of the above two-year-old ranch steer. It would have done an English grazier's heart good to hear him dilate on rings and trusts. But it's the same everywhere. The farmers are such fools that they have not sense enough to combine.

A school of porpoises! We all crowded to have a look at them. Challenged to a game of shuffle-board; got two things, a real good licking and an ache in the shoulder that promises to last for ever. Says one: "Go to the gymnasium, that chap will soon rid you of it." Then I saw how individuals on the other side keep fit. Portly matrons indulging in punch ball and riding on stirrupless saddles.

Each hour reveals more about this ship. There's a gardener aboard, and mighty proud is he of his palms and his flowers. Lunch again, and I have misgivings as to that waistcoat button. I know I ought to limit the feed, but how otherwise can I stop the ever ready appetite? Must do something. A return match with those shuffle-boarders. I had learnt the meaning of the sand track, and I whacked them three to one. Shoulder don't ache now. In latitude—; longitude

—. I must ask Captain McMurray for the correct figures; he appears to be one of the genial sort. We encountered a Scotch mist, it was so insidious in making its presence felt that I ventured along to the smoke-room for a Scotch whisky to keep it out. The remedy was successful; then tea in the lounge—all sofas, easy chairs, and cushions. Dainty dresses from both sides of the Atlantic. We all begin to know one another by now, and they do say that there will be a dance to-night, when the young folks will know one another better still. In this wonderful ship of ours we have a real live band aboard. And as for news, we have wireless without the music. I have a real smart Canadian at the table. Goodness knows where he has been educated—but he is It.

We have Canadian bacon for breakfast. "Not so good as when you used to pea-feed! What's become of your peas?" "The weevil had them." "Why not use your milling offals?" "Haven't any for the pigs: all used as breakfast foods." I glanced at the menu: "Cooked bran." "Krumbles." "Krumbled bran." No wonder, I thought, that we cannot obtain bran on Bristol market.

Whilst writing about menus, here's one for breakfast, calculated to satisfy even an Atlantic appetite:—

Sliced oranges. Cantaloupe melon. Grape fruit. Bananas. Stewed fruit. Figs. Prunes. Apricots.

Oatmeal porridge, Cream of wheat, Cooked bran. Krumbles. Krumbled bran. Grape nuts. Post toasties. Puffed rice. Corn flakes. Shredded wheat. Force. Cerealine flakes.

Fried fillet of snapper. Broiled Yarmouth bloater. Omelette, plain or parmentier. Eggs, boiled, fried, scrambled, shirred, turned, poached.

Grilled Canadian bacon. Minced collops with rice. Cumberland ham. Mutton chop. Lamb kidney. Pork cutlet. York ham. Galantine of chicken.

White and Graham rolls. Plain and buttered toast. Pulled bread. French loaf. Brown bread. Soda scones. Sally Luns. Griddle cakes. Waffles with maple syrup. Conserve. Honey. Marmalade.

Instant postum. China, green, or Ceylon tea. Coffee. Cocoa.

After facing this, one would think that appetite was conquered; but as lunch comes along there is not a vacant chair. The sea is this time creating the appetite without taking any strenuous measures to appease it. What would *Oliver Twist* have done with such a bill of fare? Surely not even he would have asked for more.

We have been just figuring it out as to how the Canadian Pacific gets us over that slumber problem and overcomes the Daylight Saving Bill at the same time, and it just shows why our watches have gone wrong. One night the clocks were duly set back ninety-six minutes, and we just slept it off without being aware of it. Even that Scotch whisky could not clear that Scotch mist away, and to brighten the proceedings on Monday night there was a dance in the ballroom. A perfect floor, it was just the item for all but a few of "we old 'uns." When we used to dance we danced a polka. Somehow a Swiss passenger, a jolly nice fellow, had espied a lady whom he described as "the poetry of motion." Before the evening was over he had claimed her for a partner for the evening, and I was told that partners for life had been obtained in similar fashion on the "Empress of Scotland." I have just got hold of the run of the ship and some of the idiosyncrasies of the



passengers. Some are never visible but at meals, Others have one particular chair, much like a rabbit its tuft of grass in the meadow, where they can always be found when not feeding. Others are for ever talking or walking. And so the day passes.

On Tuesday morning I woke with a bit of a scare, as they say. Half asleep and half awake I suddenly heard a terrible shriek and a moan. It could be nothing less than old Daisy afell into the crib and nobody there to get her out. Another howl, and I speedily knew that it was the ship's syren endeavouring to frighten the fog away. It's simply wonderful how the big ships keep in touch with each other, even in a fog, by means of wireless. Still, the "kappen" evidently considers that it's just as well to kick up a deuce of a row to let them know that he's about. At breakfast the latest news. Why is it essential always to have a murder amongst the items when we are so comfortable aboard the ship? We have begun to master that Atlantic appetite and begin deliberately to weigh up the merits of the various items on the menu. But the head-waiter reports all appetites good.

Wish that fog would lift. Am beginning to think that we shall soon have a legal assembly aboard considering the number that have calls to "the bar." The girls don't mind the fog a bit so long as they are on deck with tennis and other amusements. Not a ship, not a porpoise, or even a gull.

No one has so far mentioned real estate. When I came over before, seemingly, there was nothing else to talk about. But against this I feel that a good many on both sides of the Atlantic consider the average farmer to be a fool, by working the longest hours for the least amount of pay. Mr. Purser tells me this is

the tenth largest ship in the world. Now if the parsons collected tithe on shipping the same as they do on land, it would not be an insignificant tenth, by any means. Then I just ask him would he tell me the actual height of that masthead from the keel plate. I thought I had fixed him. Most nonchalantly, he remarked that he would let me know, as well as the rate of exchange, in the morning; and he did, too, viz., 186 feet—some height! He is a perfect social organiser. It was wonderful how he discovered the latent talent in the ship for the concert.

That fog persists, so does the "kappen's" gramophone, the syren. Each passenger has a special pet epithet for it, with the minutest desire for exactitude each time it belches forth its non-melodious agony. It drives us down from the winter garden to the lounge; it clears the decks. We hate it, we detest it. We cannot read, we cannot write. Oh, that we were but deaf for awhile. If that steward were but to come round with a tray of nerve powders, instead of that delectable soup, what a raid there would be on it. And yet, after all, that wretched foghorn is but persisting in putting out its best efforts for our personal safety.

Two more hours of it. Then the girls solve the problem. They have wheedled a gramophone out of the officers; they start a dance in the magnificent ballroom. The young men came to join in the fantasies of the fox-trot. The older Britishers file in to watch and think of the days when they were young. But the American pater and mater take the floor, and are amongst the keenest, be it either the fox-trot, gigolette, or waltz. Somehow, we are all interested; we forget to time that foghorn; in fact, we miss it time after time, until we forget it altogether.

Have just struck a breeder of Jersey cattle near Toronto, one Mr. Fleming. He has been for a tour in the West of England; and was especially delighted with Glastonbury.

The inevitable dinner, more dancing, and this was kept up a bit later, and we retired to rest to the sound of that horn. At home we should have had a nervous attack, but as the Atlantic sleep had been cheated out of its afternoon dues, it promptly sent in its demand note, and Wednesday arrived with the fog lifted and that horn gone to sleep, with every passenger's best wishes that it may enjoy that sleep for days and nights to come.

As we go on deck our sphere of view has been widened; the line of horizon has been shifted back. The sun has a mind to peep through; if it does, our happiness will be complete. There, that challenge! If I don't score heavily on that shuffle-board it will cost me at least two Bass's and a whisky. Each knot that we "now untie" in that 2,880 miles Atlantic cable does not bring a desire to record the last. In fact we are such a party that 'tis not with pleasure we anticipate the parting, and I even can regard with equanimity that steward's rearrangement of my papers. Surely the Luxury of Indolence grows on one. Every desire anticipated, each want satisfied. Truly, what can a man wish for more? Concert to-night with charming costumes and quite a presentable display of talent.

'Tis now Thursday. My watch has got so hopelessly mixed that I am not quite sure whether it records to-day or to-morrow. Time! we do not take notice of time, but we do for awhile notice that the foghorn has ceased. So we partake of breakfast. A change in bacon. We have had Canadian bacon, Wiltshire bacon,

Irish bacon, and now at last comes breakfast bacon ! 'Tis a Scotch boat. Nearly everything eatable has appeared on the respective menus except haggis, for which we, not of Scotch descent, are supremely thankful.

A tremendous blast of that siren ! Another, still another. Then the engines slacken off. What can it be ? Hasten up. Fog envelopes us. The sailors are heaving the lead ; a thermometer goes down into the sea. Then an old sailor remarks, " There he<sup>7</sup> be on the starboard." " What, a berg ? " A look of pity on his face, evidently at our ignorance. He remarks " Belle Island." The engines restart ; we have struck " the line." Where we expected fog we find it not. The coast of Labrador becomes visible. The sea as 'twere but the surface of a lake. Life is good.

There's to be a dance to night. The ballroom is superbly lit. And such a floor as was undreamt of in my younger days ? The band strikes up and the ladies appear. Jewels gleam and flash ; pearls shimmer and sheen ; and we have before us the selection of Europe as regards ball dresses. The emporiums of Vienna, Paris, even Scandinavia and London, have been searched and their millinery and other treasures secured to display to the stay-at-homes on the other side. Grace and elegance appear to be again the *desideratum* of the modern dance.

Friday dawned. I rose early to enjoy the beautiful sunrise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Later it was packing morning. We kept out what we needed. We had been told it would be very warm as we neared Quebec, and so one had donned tennis flannels. The sun was dancing on the waters, but there was a fresh breeze, much like Canadian water with a bit of ice in it.

Says a Canadian, " Shure he has struck it good in those ' ice-cream pants.' "

We British were quite happy, oh, so happy. But something was on the minds of our American friends. They sat at the writing tables ; they scarcely returned our greetings ; and then I saw that they were engaged in the uncongenial proposition of figuring it out. They were trying alike to satisfy their conscience and Uncle Sam's requisition as to the value of the selections that they had made during their trip to Europe. The ladies held anxious confabs. Two had made a similarity of purchases. What were the rates of exchange in other currencies as compared with dollars ? Why it was enough to give them the first touch of cold feet during their trip, and I don't believe that they will smile again until those Custom officers come aboard and pass their baggage and the railwayman hands over the checks for its safe conveyance to U.S.A.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LAND OF CANADA AND ITS REALISATION.

What a fuss it entailed getting ready for the arrival of those Custom and Immigration officials at Father Point! Even the skies frowned on such an attempt to take out the final note of resonance for our happiness. The foghorn at Rimouski, or somewhere thereabouts, bellowed a departure to them as they came out with the pilot on the tender. As she drew alongside, one of those on board her, much to our pleasure, of course, got in under the outflow from the condensers. No movie picture could evoke a more spontaneous peal of laughter! Our bags were ready; but we could not resist the claims of that last dinner on board. And after dinner once again the band struck up. First one, then another, came out of our staterooms, berths, and bunks, skipped along the burrow, and came to that ballroom like rabbits on a pasture of an evening after a summer storm. Why, even I have been initiated into the mysteries of the fox-trot, at my time of life. Everyone dances, so the ladies determined that I should not be odd man out. But somehow to night was different; those young folks did not care to realise that the trip was drawing to its finish, the flirtations ended, or to involve another trip in the future.

In the meantime we had found those dreaded Customs a rattling good lot. They were equally capable either in French or English of finding out what we had to declare. Uncle Sam's representative was more

insistent, and he began to cram his pocket with notes for the benefit of his country's treasury. So the evening passed. In the morning we were alongside the wharf at Quebec; the winches were already in motion. I had a fine view of the river and the shores. The Hotel Frontenac has erected a wonderful tower block since I was there last. I wonder what the materialised shade of Wolfe would say if he came back and had a look at it.

Breakfast, and then on shore to the awaiting train. How typical Quebec is of old France. We noted this as the bell on the engine clanged out into the more open country, which was divided up in French fashion, a strip here, a grass plot there. They had just commenced to cut their hay crop, and it was a very good one. It was noticeable how chicory and the blue vetchling flourished. They did not trouble to clear the tree stumps or even the boulders in days gone by. The telegraphic wires were on glass insulators, and the telegraphic engineers were not at all partial to one size or shape of pole. Small fields of oats (nothing big), plots of maize, with vegetable marrows planted, as in Hungary and Rumania, buckwheat in bloom, and potatoes without disease. Larger fields. The snake fences have been straightened out as those old cedar logs have decayed, and even in some instances have been replaced by link fencing and the more terrible barbed wire. To prevent the sheep getting through the fences they are yoked. A few herds of the old Quebec or Black Jersey cattle. When I was over last there were but few Friesians about. Now they and their crosses are all along the line. A few Ayrshire crosses, but hardly a Shorthorn; between Quebec and Montreal I did not observe a pig, and poultry was

not as prominent as in an English or French landscape. I observed one rather nice Guernsey herd.

The landscape flat. Fewer burn-outs in the woods. We hustled on until we came to one well-cared for station—St. Martin. Here the grass had been mown and formed a nice turf. Flowers were there, especially a deep rich red geranium, similar to one that is such a favourite with Dutch growers. This garden station with a wood at the back made a picture indeed. What a network of wires along the countryside!

In the afternoon our special reached Montreal, and I for a time am no longer to think in pounds, shillings and pence, but in dollars and cents. Having fixed up my hotel (By Jingo! they just about do know how to build hotels in Canada, and attached to them is such service, barring the boots, that we know not in England). I strolled across to the bookstall. I had a real shock as I observed a card, "Umbrellas lent, 25c." Now if Canada can lend umbrellas, well, it must be indeed a progressive country. I go out into the town—a bewildering mass of complexities of the old and the new, a mixture of French and English. Poles of all sizes, shapes, lengths, and strengths occupy the side walks; a veritable train service of trams on the main streets; taxis that really mean to get you there; and overhead wires everywhere. They are evidently not afraid of very live wires in Montreal. There's an item I wish they would copy in England, that's the tramway observation car, shaped very much like an elongated charabanc with seats rising by stages to the back. One can travel right round the town to the various places of interest for 25c. I could not but observe the remarkable development in that residential district of Mount Royal.





MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL



CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC - TRANS CANADA LIMITED

Back in the town I noticed that fruit shops occupied much more prominent positions than they do in English towns, and that it was Californian produce that was all the go. Fine pears for 25 cents, a dozen plums, ripe and juicy, for the same amount, and such baskets of peaches for a dollar! Each shop makes a speciality of baskets of mixed fruit covered with a rather coarse netting to keep the flies off. I wonder what my home friends would say if they went into Trowbridge's and were rigged up in Canadian barber's shop style. As I am featuring Canadian life, I have to exercise the faculty of observation sometimes. Whortleberries and cream on every menu. And though I cannot get a wee drappit of whisky until Monday (this is Saturday), yet I can obtain beer in plenty, and quite useful beer, too. Surely this is a town of queer contradictions. I must see much more of it to-morrow.

Sunday. Goodness me! No Sunday Shop Hours Act. Many open and doing a most thriving trade, especially the fruit shops. As regards this they are decidedly in advance of England. The moving public must have somewhere to go and something to refresh themselves with, and so far I have observed that the Canadians are much greater consumers of fruit than we are. In some form or other it appears at every meal. One item I shall especially remember. On last night's dinner menu was a blueberry Melba ice cream. Blueberries are whortleberries at home, and those on Blackdown ought to be it. Oh, ye ladies who would have your husbands to remain at home and dine with you—provide them with a whortleberry Melba! What a joy to the Canadian dairy farmer this vast consumption

of well-made ice-cream must be in using up his surplus milk just at a time of the year when it is most difficult to dispose of! When I return home my slogan will be not "drink more milk," but "Eat more ice-cream." But, then, it must be real ice-cream.

What a magnificent cathedral Montreal has! The skill of the builders, the wealth of adornment! It's a real warm afternoon, but I prefer to walk along the streets. It is nothing unusual to see the whole family seated under their own doorsteps. It's at least cool and shady there. The city authorities are strictly utilitarian. If a tree dies its stump is not rooted out and burnt, but at once used as a posting station for civic notices. I observe that many firms have banks of flowers inside their showroom windows. The effect is good. Rather than have bare spaces some householders allow their front gardens to be filled with the broad-leaved plantain. It certainly does provide a cooling outlook to the eye. There appear to be very few wireless aerials or shops supplying the essentials. Gramophones everywhere. Why, I hear one of them fox-trotting "Bringing Home the Bacon," and on a Sunday night, too! As I walk back to my hotel at night I find it's not a case of "Horsey, keep your tail up," but "Watch your steps." Evidently, from what I could see from the train, the rural roads are much better kept than those of the urban districts of the Province of Quebec.

## CHAPTER V.

### FINDING THE LOST SON. PLANNING AN ITINERARY. THE VALUE OF A HEAD.

Well it was, perhaps, that I have travelled a bit in France to understand the lingo. A father at Greenwich had written me could I find trace of his son. He had heard about 18 months before that he was at a big place in Montreal. So off I hiked to the spot. Yes, he was about there, but he had gone for a holiday, it was not known where. If I went to the head of the department he might give me his home address and then I might course him down. I went further and further where they spoke more and more French and understood less and less *Zummerzett*. There was no Johnny D'Armee or his Canadian equivalent of whom to inquire the way. I persevered and succeeded. Would I have a glass of beer? I would. It was a warm evening and so we adjourned, and I found that the workers of Montreal could get as good a glass of beer as we can at home, but the price is five cents., or roughly 2½d.

In the streets the civic authorities provide bubble-over fountains for drinking purposes, which is far more sanitary, as they style it over there, than the tin cup and dog chain which adorn our drinking fountains at home. The next good thing that I saw was that motors were not allowed to pass the trams when the latter stopped for passengers to alight.

Next morning I went to see the market, which I found practically filled with Californian fruit of all

kinds. A new description for eggs. Over one stall was the notice "Try our strictly new laid eggs." I liked that "strictly." Were the hens that laid them strait-laced? Next I observed a housewife make careful selection of two fair-sized live chickens. There was a deal of bargaining, then the two chickens were neatly rolled into a brown paper parcel, which was securely tied, but yet permitting those chickens to put their heads out at one end; and a mother's hopeful tucked them under his arm and carried them proudly along the street.

Back to the hotel. Lawks, talk about having a tooth drawn! I suppose I must. A lady journalist desired to interview me. Who could refuse a lady? Of course she wanted to know why I had quitted the old country, and what I had come to Canada for. By jingo, when I subsequently read that interview I began to think that I was a wonderful fellow, with a deal of business qualifications. But despite this I began to be worried. I was in Canada; I had not made out my itinerary. So I picked up a time table, which, when unfolded and spread out, would paper a fair-sized living room. I opened out that wallet of letters from those who had somebody or something in Canada. I don't believe that I was ever so bewildered with figures since old Francombe gave me a lacing at Redcliff school for not getting my decimals right. There was summer time, standard time, mountain time, and Heaven knows how many other times. My old watch had got so bewildered already that it now absolutely refused to keep any time at all, and I began sincerely to respect that watch for having an idea and sticking to it. Truly, indeed, it had become a stop watch.

Someone said that there was but one man who could

work out the route, and that was Mr. A. B. Calder. He had done it for the Prince of Wales, and perhaps he might be induced to do it for me. I got into an elevator, and I never went skyward so fast in my life before. In fact, I had doubts as to my remaining on earth any longer. But somehow we stopped, and I stepped out of that Excelsior and walked into one of the cosiest offices imaginable. Fancy working surrounded by all the flowers and choicest gems of the world's literature.

For night and by day that route was marked out.

"Of course, you have your passport visa-ed for the United States?"

"No."

"Well, then, it will be impossible to carry out your route, if you don't. Anyway, we must try. Whom do you know?"

"Well, there is Colonel Dennis. He was over in England a short time since; he might help."

Would he! just bet that he would? You have a job on, he remarked.

Off I sallied to the U.S.A. Immigration Department. No wonder Uncle Sam's representatives were in their shirt sleeves and wore an anxious and occasional worried look. There was such a motley crowd, speaking various tongues, as one could hardly imagine; they were all anxious to get into the United States. But since July 1st quota looms large in Uncle Sam's mind as regards the human element. Sized up, it meant that no more were going through until the next quota. A strong man appeared, health good, everything apparently right.

"Have you any chance of employment?"

"Oh; get it directly I am there."

It was fatal. So there's another to join the band of Canadian harvesters.

I approached in fear and trembling. My official records were scrutinised. No, I cannot do anything without a visa. Better go to the Minister, and then you will have to go to Ottawa. And, like Johnny Brown, I didn't want to go there just yet. So off I hied.

"Waal, yes," but it will cost you money.

Shure! My phiz was duly authenticated. The visa was complete. But there was one more drop of gall to add to the bitterness of that cup of extraction. Before that head of mine could enter the U.S.A. it was appraised as being of the sordid value of eight dollars, and if I brought it out again why, they would refund me those eight dollars if I made personal application for it. And so now I was free to enter and travel in the United States, for a limited period only, of course.

Back to the hotel. A taxi to take myself and baggage to the station. Fare registered, and actually a receipt for it handed me by the driver. It was sufficient to overwhelm me. Surely, Montreal is ahead of some towns in Old England.



## CHAPTER VI.

### ON THE TRAIN. HOW MILEAGE AND TIME PASS. OLD COUNTRY RECOLLECTIONS.

I booked at Windsor Station through to Winnipeg, having first assured myself of a reservation in the form of a lower berth. The Great Western at home (our holiday line) may well pride itself on its Riviera Express; but when it comes to the Canadian Pacific Trans-Continental—well—I guess they must look around for the palm branches. Truly it's a veritable town on wheels, with luxurious hotel accommodation. The dining-car is in itself an hotel de luxe, and having tasted the excellence of its cuisine I know now where the chefs go to. I wonder what Alf Butcher at Bristol would say if someone suddenly placed even a breakfast menu of a C.P.R. dining-car before him and said, "I want that." And besides there is the waiting. The C.P.R. is evidently gone on flowers. Our tables were one living bank of delicately-tinted gladioli. Fans kept the air on the move, and since I was over last admirable precautions have been taken to keep the dust and sand out.

How beautiful that evening ride! As we passed over the waters of the St. Lawrence River the little wooded islands, with beautiful dolls' houses on them, reflected in the mirror-like waters, made a picture that has to be seen to be appreciated. The train speeded on, and stopped not. Soon we were passing the Ottawa River, on which the fishing boats

were as molten gold in the evening sunshine. Then came boulders and woods, and touches of civilisation in the form of houses, herds of Freisian cattle and big sheep.

My! The climate was getting real hot, and being in a dry belt of course there was ice water in plenty. We have not learnt the art of absorbing ice water in England as yet. And the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of that tooth preparatory to sailing resented this new candidate for occupancy in the form of a lump of ice. To get over the dispute I took a walk along the train to the observation car, a very useful adjunct to those Canadian trains, and there I had a chance of looking at Ottawa by night. The blaze of light was wonderful. The utilisation, or, seemingly, the waste of electricity, is appalling to English ideas. But then I learn that they use white coal in Canada, and have a superabundance of it, and perchance this explains the circumstance. Darkness came on. There is not the English twilight so long drawn out, and it was no use to sit up and gaze into the darkness. So back into the train.

That darkie attendant had made up my berth ever so neat and comfy. An electric light over my pillow, so that I could read if I could not sleep. But I just slept, and when I awoke it was morning, and a veritable panorama flitting past my window. Well could I remember that thousand miles of desolation of my previous trip. Then it was burnt stumps, bare rocks, lily ponds, and mere desolation. Now, evidently, that scrub had been better conserved, though here and there were the results of a fire patch, the bleached skeletons of the dead trees sort of filling one with a melancholy feeling. Dress and breakfast.



ONE OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVES USED BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC IN WESTERN CANADA.



THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, SASKATCHEWAN UNIVERSITY, AT SASKATOON.

The head steward was very much visible. Along he came and handed us in a news bulletin, in which the topical items of the day were placed before us.

No one must cuss a lady in presence or even in absence; but 'twas evident that she had just been and done it. That interview had spread. I was recognised. The whole staff of that train meant that I should not go through Canada without seeing every object of interest and hearing every tale to be told in connection with it.

"One soon makes friends on a train," says he: "I hear you come from the West of England. So do we. We went to England to spend our honeymoon. We did not know where to go. Someone told us Wells was just a heavenly spot, and we went, and we stayed in Vicar's Close. Charming old spot! And stayed there seven months."

"What do you think of the Bishop's Palace?"

"Oh, we never went in there, though we often watched the birds on the moat ringing the bell for their meals. Cheddar! Oh, no. We just kept to Wells and Vicar's Close."

"What! For seven long months?"

"Yes. We had the blue tits in the canon's garden, and our magpie, which we are taking along with us to Japan. We may remain there some years, but if ever we come back to England we shall certainly go back again to Wells and Vicar's Close."

Later I interviewed that magpie in the van, but, admittedly loquacious as he had been, I could not obtain a word from him as to his opinions of Canadian travel as compared with that heavenly quietude of Vicar's Close.

The trainman said that the dining-car steward needed me. What had I forgotten?

"I thought that you might like to see a beaver dam," he said. "We are passing a double one shortly ahead."

I was desperately interested, even in having only a momentary glance at the work of these clever animals. Old Canadians promptly regaled me with tales of beaver life, how they planned the site of their dam, felled the trees with exactitude, and gradually built the dam so strong that it takes dynamite to break it up.

Missanabie! At once came visions of my former visit when I went on a fishing expedition with Antoine and Davie. I would like to have discovered whether Antoine was still in the land of the living, whether Davie had got married or not, but that trans-Continental would not stop long enough. Missanabie has not grown. The new idea of bungalow camps, where holiday-seekers can conglomerate, is taking the trend of the fisherman's mind from the olden-time idea of seeking the speckled trout amongst those rushing waters at such places as Great Stoney Portage.

The afternoon glides along. Towards evening we strike the shores of Lake Superior, that body of icy-cold water. It is a calm evening, none too warm. Would that I were an artist to depict the changing tints as that sunset proceeded to work out the most comprehensive colour scheme I have ever beheld! A few weeks before I thought that Lakeland, in England, was beautiful, but oh! those little gems were but as jewels in a lady's ring. And the magnitude of this! Then came the grand finale. We twisted around headlands. The rocks and the scrub took on the colours of the sunset. We looked over the edge of the observation car seemingly straight down into the crystalline waters below, and then out on the

rippling surface of that inland sea suffused at one moment with the loveliest of roseate crimsons, and then a vast plain of burnished gold. But I had to keep an observant eye for other things. Those trainmen were determined to show me a "moose." Each little bay was scanned. There would sure to be one or two in the next. Somehow I did not see one as we passed along into the night.

Midnight! A stop at Fort William. I got off, and found out where the descendants of those astute Bristolians, that slept with one eye open, reside. At 6 that morning the dining-car attendants were feeding their trainmen. At twelve o'clock at night they were getting in more ice and other things for next morning.

Breakfast. Should or should I not get off at Kenora, one of those bungalow camps, and renew my acquaintance with fishing from a tourist's point of view? I had heard that it was a delightful spot, with a thousand lakes, or probably one or two more, round about it. But business first; and I continued on towards Winnipeg. The nearer I approached that city the more farming conditions improved, and there was evidence of mixed farming. Soon we were at the depot, and there was no trouble whatever to secure hotel accommodation. (The Americans had gone to England instead of coming to Canada).

I take a stroll through the town. Everybody is warning me to keep on the main streets, I do not know why. I observe that the gentlemen with "monnish" ideas operate a number of the smaller stores, and that there are far more U.S.A. goods than British in some of the larger ones.

## CHAPTER VII.

### TAKING CARE OF THE IMMIGRANT FROM THE RAILWAYS' AND GOVERNMENT SIDE. THE CARE OF THE ANTIQUES. THE EXPORT CATTLE QUESTION.

At Winnipeg, I set out to discover what the great Railways as well as the Government do to look after the immigrant. In search of business they naturally instil into old worlders of many nationalities the desire to visit and seek a remunerative living by owning or working on the big expanses of the new world as represented by Canada. Did these big companies do anything or nothing? That was the problem that I was going to try and solve before I left this great filter city between the East and the West. Where should I go first? I chanced upon Mr. M. E. Thornton, who looks after the C.P.R.'s colonisation interests. It was not long before I got to bedrock.

"Why, it's to our gain," said he, "to retain every life we bring into Canada on the land, and they remain there provided they are suited for farm life, and that they listen to the advice and receive the help we are prepared to extend to them. Take, for instance, farm workers. Here we keep a register of applications from farmers for farm help. As you will see, the form is very complete, and there is a large number of them.



If the wages are unsuitable for the class of work required, that from the commencement means that the farmer is not likely to obtain even a green applicant through us. We are careful to obtain particulars as to distance from school and from church, and the country of birth and religion of the farmer. If the farmer desires female help or the services of boys under 18 years of age, he must obtain a certificate from a clergy man or justice of the peace who knows him and certifies that he would be a proper employer of such help."

The railways were apparently doing their duty.

I thought that I would thoroughly thresh this subject out. When I was over a dozen years ago I well remember that big Immigration Depot being thronged with representatives of all nationalities. Mr. Joyce, who was in charge, offered me every facility for pursuing my investigations. It was easy to see that there were not so many passing through as on the occasion of my first visit. Still, there was quite a number comprising various nationalities. Firstly, I had a look at the quarters allotted to these men where they can stay until work is found for them. Everything was all that could be desired. But one thing interested me. The beds are in two-tier bunks without sides. The top one is perfectly flat without guard rails, and if the occupant was to happen to give an extended turn, my! what an awakening he would have!

"Ever get any trouble with unsuitable men?"

"Certainly we do. Here is a case in point. Here's a man, his wife, and four children who have come out from an East of England workhouse. These are the man's qualifications: 'Hedge-making or anything on a farm.' He came here in the beginning of June. I obtained employment for him. He was only eight

days on the farm; said he was not going to drive horses, quitted, and came back here. Then he said he would not work in Canada whatever was offered. He wanted to go back home. We talked to him reasoned with him—all to no purpose, and then nothing remained but to take him before the magistrate, who gave him a month in gaol and ordered his deportation. Here are the despositions."

I read them.

"What about that wife and children?"

"Come and see for yourself."

I was conducted to the Matron, a cheery woman who speaks several languages.

"Come along, here she is."

There was a woman in the prime of life, nicely dressed and her four healthy children playing around her. She was chatting with three or four other women who were sitting down to such a mid-day meal of roast beef and vegetables as would seem sufficient for a week.

"Well, Mrs.—, you want to go back to England?"

"No, I don't; it's only my husband as does. I have tried to persuade him to stop, but he won't."

"What are you going to do when you go back to England?"

I saw her turn her head, and tears in her eyes. And so I spoke to the others.

"Oh, we are not going back. Work has been found for our husbands, and in the meantime we are waiting to join them."

Now what's to be done with the undesirable won't-work who is not wanted on either side of the Atlantic Ocean? Can anything, or nothing, be done with

him? I have given the facts of this case as it has a very great influence on the immigration into Canada.

As I was leaving this building I happened to meet an official who I learnt was an inspector under the Lands Settlement Board. He is one of a body of 25 who call on new settlers giving them advice as to their farms. They also look after the interests of agricultural labourers and help to adjust any little differences that may arise.

Thus it would appear from the official view of both the Government and the railways that ample provision is being made for the new hand. But this has its weak link—that it does not apply equally to the one who will persist in going on his own.

It was not so long ago that I was at Bank Top Station, Darlington, and there saw that historic engine of Stephenson's carefully kept under cover. It was "Rocket Number 1," and many a visitor from the Dominions has since seen it at Wembley. Just outside the depot at Winnipeg, in a pretty grass enclosure, rests another historic engine—"Countess of Dufferin"—decorated with boxes of flowers. This was the first railway locomotive to operate in Western Canada. Brought to Winnipeg from the United States, by barge, on the Red River in 1877, it was run between St. Boniface and Emerson. What a pity the two epoch-making engines did not stand side by side at Wembley this year! What have these two engines meant to the English speaking world alone! There's not a man breathing could give an absolutely reliable estimate. The ramifications that have followed their introduction are simply too immense. I was leaving this reminder of the past when my eye caught another

of a sadder kind. It was a war memorial, which bore the following inscription :—

“ To commemorate those in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company who, at the call of King and country left all that was dear to them, endured hardship, faced danger, and finally passed out of sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving their own lives that others might live in freedom. Let those who come after see to it that their names be not forgotten. 1914—1918.”

Since I read that I have been travelling a long trail and I think of those last words.

It is evening. I sit in the lounge awaiting the time to depart. But I have to meet experts—it is those men who have been shipping Canadian cattle to England. They abuse high freights and other items. When I tell them that we don't want fat cattle on the hoof classed as stores, that old cattle with sawn-off horns are undesirable, that English ports have not put on distressful embargoes as to landing out of pure cussedness, but that one county will not allow cattle in from another owing to fear of foot-and-mouth disease, then friction quietens down, and when I further tell them that we can do with as many choice two-years'-old steers as they can send us, why they just propose that I shall meet them again on my return to Winnipeg and deal with the subject thoroughly.

What changes shall I see in this town? It most favourably impressed me in some respects on my previous visit. In the train I have met one Mr. Butcher, who has recently been on a trip to Australia, and, singularly enough, I learnt that he has a brother-in-law, Captain Hayward, residing at Avonmouth, near Bristol.



THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA



CALGARY, ALBERTA. LOOKING NORTH.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SASKATOON, A UNIVERSITY TOWN. HOW IT ASSISTS THE PRAIRIE FARMER. A FORESTRY DEPARTMENT. HOW CANADA GRINDS ITS OWN FLOUR. A SOMERSET HOME ON THE PRAIRIE.

When I visited Saskatoon last and wrote my book, I included in it a picture of the stages of school growth at Saskatoon. There was the tiny little first school; then one where more accommodation was necessary. Now, if it had been England, why we should just have allowed these schools to remain until they had become mellowed antiques. But over here they have pulled No. 1 down, but re erected it at the University. No. 2 has vanished. In fact, Saskatoon has become quite a scholarly centre. When I was over a dozen years since, the site now occupied by the Forestry Department of the Interior at Saskatoon was just prairie, with not a tree on it. They began to tear it about just after I left. In 1913 they continued the ploughing, and in 1914 began to plant hardy trees and shrubs. In 1916 this prairie nursery began to distribute tree seedlings and cuttings. So Mr. James McClean, who has charge of this, informed me when I called upon him in his cosy home. It was shrubbed in like an English country house. There were big fences of the Siberian pea tree, Caragana, which, though it can withstand severe frost, promptly succumbs to pneumonia or something equally fatal when it gets wet feet. A few days of stagnant

water kills it. The other trees comprised Resin poplar, North West poplar, Manitoba maple, green ash, and a variety of willows. These trees are distributed to farmers free of cost for planting shelter-belts around their houses. On the prairies there are already 44,000 of such plantations. The farmers take good care of them; if they don't, Government sends a man along to put them in order, and charges the farmer with the cost. No evergreens have been planted as yet. These deciduous trees can be grown, packed, and delivered to the railway station at 10 cents. per 100. Only 14 men are employed regularly. *Rogusa* roses appeared to do well. Only those who have seen a bald wind-swept prairie can appreciate what an Institution like this means to the farmers of the West.

Journeying back to the town, I went to the hotel. The time before it was just being built by the original Dick Flannigan, one of the characters of the West, of whom a good tale is told. Two travellers came there one night; they told Flannigan that they desired to be called at 2-30 a.m. Now, Dick was not only proprietor, but night porter as well.

" You will have us called on time, Mr. Flannigan ? "

" Sure."

In the night it rained, and at 2-30, when the knock came, it was still raining. First one said that he didn't think he would get up, and the other that he had changed his mind. Says Dick, " I haven't," and taking up their bags, pitched them into a mud hole in the street, and told the travellers to follow.

Twelve years ago I had to be on time when a big-shouldered chap opened that wicket, and I believe the beef steak that I had once tried to get inside me loosened my teeth. Now a smiling guardian angel



at the wicket, daintily attired waitress, and such a dinner as a London hotel might well be proud to serve. At night a friend called and drove me round the town. The concrete laid roads were lit by rows of cluster lights that would put Bristol's lighting effects into the shade. And such nice shops!

Next morning a tramcar soon took me to that beautiful University, of which only a section was built when I was there last, and not even a roof on that. Dr. Murray, who pointed out its prospects then, had gone to join his brother scientists at Toronto. But, happily, Dean Rutherford was there. It is due to his untiring energy that the agricultural side has developed in such a truly remarkable manner. The Dean was right proud of the Campus of the University, but I believe that he is more proud of that small clump of poplar trees which, by some means or other, happened to be on the site. He took me across to see his superb stud of Clydesdale horses, far and away the best in Canada. He is a shrewd judge of a horse is the Dean, and that he knows how to exhibit them is evidenced by the fact that he won the Grand Championship at the Toronto Fair. I wish that I could deal extensively with the educational work of this University, how it has discovered a china clay which, it is claimed, is equal to the real Cornish commodity, and the magnificent system of mapping out the soils of the country and a wealth of doings that binds the Institution to Canada.

I had the afternoon. Which should I do, visit the Government elevator, or try and see the interior of a flour mill? Then I espied a big building with "Quaker Oats" on it. Lawks! I have had some of these for breakfast in England. Why, nothing venture, nothing

win. I would go and see how they were made if possible. I drove up to the mill, asked to see the manager, was shown in to Mr. Reynolds, told him of my cheeky proposal, and presented some credentials that indicated that I was not about to hold up the mill. Yes, I could see the mill. I saw the big railway cars being brought in, and the wheat was whirled out of them in a jiffy into those stores which have a million bushels of wheat capacity. I learnt that this mill was not only dealing with oats, but producing twelve hundred barrels of flour a day. Some 1,500 bushels of wheat can be unloaded in fifteen minutes, but it only takes ten minutes to load a car. As the wheat arrives it is weighed by Government officials and graded. If the farmer does not agree it is sent on to Winnipeg for further grading. The making of the flour is on the roller principle. I have been in many houses where the floors are not kept so beautifully polished and free from dust. This is caused by a desire for cleanliness as well as safety. I followed the various processes right down through the mill until I saw the flour automatically weighed and the bags stitched. They were then loaded into the railway cars, the insides of which had been covered with stout paper to prevent dust coming through and soiling the bags. I was simply astonished at the size of these cars as compared with our travelling toy boxes at home. One of them holds 500 sacks of flour of 140 lbs. each. Fancy a car with over 40 tons on board; but they have to carry long distances in Canada.

Into another section of the mill to see the oats. My! what a splendid sample was going through. Just as the wheat had been thoroughly brushed and cleansed, and all foreign seeds and matter removed before it

became acquainted with the millstones, by some process the oat grains were uprighted and the ends ground off. The removal of the husk was then easy. Process by process I followed them until they were at last ready for packing in the well-known paper cartons. The oat flakes were weighed, dropped into those cartons, which were sealed, and 20 of them packed in a wooden case with a run of 100 cases per hour. It meant some move on to keep apace with this. I was impressed with the fact that what the Canadian farmer was producing was being milled in the country, and was absorbing a deal of labour and returning the uttermost profit. Thus this mill was using up some 5,000 bushels of wheat and 3,000 bushels of oats in each twenty four hours. Saskatoon had not this fine mill as it is to-day when I was over before.

In the Chew Valley everyone knows John Henry King, of Littleton, as a bit of a hard worker. The Sunday before I left England I heard a horse trotting up to the gate. This is sufficiently unusual in England as to attract notice. Then in came John Henry in a bustle.

"Here, I hear that you be gwine to Canada. If you be, I wish you would call in and see Jack Crocker, who married my daughter out at Hardisty. You knew the Crockers at the Folly, Stowey—to be sure you did. Now, there's a good chap. You will, won't you?"

"Well, yes; if I possibly can."

When he was gone—"Where in the deuce is Hardisty?" People in England have so little idea of the capacity and mileage of Canadian railways.

As I unfolded that C.P.R. folder at Saskatoon and looked up my note book, I inwardly gave a groan when I found that Hardisty was a town of perpetual night.

I could only get into it by night, and when there could only get out of it by night. If the railway companies had such an opinion of Hardisty as this, what had I let myself in for? But a word is as good as a bond. I had promised. And, might I not obtain something novel off the beaten track? Just as we put up tablets on houses in England that some celebrity had either been born, lived, or died there, might not the inhabitants of Hardisty roll up a boulder in its main street and engrave on it "This town of Hardisty was visited in 1924 by that distinguished author and journalist, 'North Somerset?'" Somehow, I thought that if ever I got to Hardisty and out of it I should well deserve that distinction. Anyway, all aboard at Saskatoon, and we steamed away—at least I didn't, but the engine did.

Some little way out, I noticed the first harvester at work, cutting a very poor crop of oats. As the evening drew on I saw a man driving a team of six horses, harrowing down the summer fallow, to be ready for the drill in the spring. Not a tree or a shrub, but that wretched foxtail grass everywhere where the plough had not touched. And then along the railway banks those prairie flowers—gailliardi, asters, or Michaelmas daisies, farewell summers, and those lovely dwarf pink wild roses. Evening speedily went into night, and the lights out on those prairies were as those of ships at sea. I dozed off to sleep.

"Hardisty," the trainman said. I got off, the train went on. I was there.

The Station Agent. Yes, he knew Jack Crocker. He was some distance out. Better go to the Cecil Hotel (kindly, Mr. Printer, don't put Hotel Cecil). A kerosene engine was thumping out its best to keep

up the electrical energy of the town as I stepped out on to its concrete sidewalks and wondered whether those poles would long continue to hold that light aloft, or let it down. At last, the hotel! Yes, I could stop.

In the morning I awoke. What was that structure? Surely, to all intents and purposes it must be a bandstand. But that notice:—"Preacher, the Rev.—." Why, it must be the church, or, rather, the Canadians had adopted the old preaching cross. No, the Cecil Hotel did not serve breakfast, but the Cafe did, and Chin Ling served up a very palatable one.

The 'phone. Every farm is on the 'phone in Canada. No, Jack Crocker was not at home; but his wife was. Would I wait a minute or two? 'Phone again. Mr. Webb had an automobile; he would bring me out. And, hardly had the 'phone been hung up, than in he came. Speedily we were on the trail. He told me that he was born in Frome, and had an uncle living in Bristol, and so we were quite chummy by the time we got to the farm.

What a greeting! Fat pigs grunted at the sound of the automobile; chickens ran to the bush; and the goslings discreetly disappeared round the corner. It was a Somerset home on the prairies.

## CHAPTER IX.

TELL ME HOW FARES THE OLD HOME?  
GOING TO SCHOOL TO LEARN. ON TRAIL TO  
SEE THE BUFFALO. TRAVELLERS' TALES.

A real buxom woman with that old country colour still remaining in her cheeks, the two girls in cool attire and an athletic number eleven of the other sex were there to greet me. He was indeed Canadian grown from the old parent stock.

"Come right in."

It was interesting to hear the Canadian phrases interspersed with the old *Zummerzet*. It was news from home. Who had got married? Who was "koortin"? Was So-and-So's new house up?

Just then Master Hopeful *ætat* 5 arrived with the "hired man." He had been out all the morning helping the latter to fix the fencing posts up.

I must see the farm.

It was in a country remarkably like the Chew Valley with the Mendips as a background. The oats were a rich black colour and good. Surely no country house in England had a more idealistic setting, the clumps of poplars leading away down to the creek, where there was plenty of water for the dairy cattle who obtained their summer feed from the prairie. A gopher sat on a knoll. They are very mischievous these gophers. Master, aged 11, was in the house in a moment for his .22 rifle and shells. Ping! and one gopher the less. Here was the boy having country life veritably bred into him.

In the house I must see their school certificates. The school authorities furnish the parents monthly with the results of their hopeful's doings and misdoings. They believe in education in Canada, both hand and head. Out on the prairie that boy went, and soon he came galloping in to show me one of the horses. These youngsters often take the cream, butter, etc., into town, do the marketing, and back again; and all have to buckle to and milk the cows. The schools further this movement. The girls were members of the Calf Club and the boys of the Pig Club, and, shure, in the competition amongst the schools had not these boys obtained seventh prize? And these boys were now entering for pig judging competitions. They had a well-drawn-up set of regulations and cards. Canada is not neglecting its youthful farmers when it has once got them there.

"How about that cream?"

"Oh, we have a creamery at Hardisty. Here's our score card for this morning, showing the weight of cream delivered, test 46 per cent., weight of butter fat 22.0 lbs., grade 1, price per pound 26 cents for butter, and the cheque comes right back." Here was a fine example of the utility of mixed farming. The farmer always has some ready money to play with for maintaining the house, paying the hired man, and has not to draw from the bank or the store on his forthcoming crop as some of the all-in-one-basket grain growing farmers have to.

Of course I must go out again to see the pure-bred Holstein bull, which would allow the children to do anything with him, but promptly lowered his head with purpose intent for the hired man, who evidently does not get such a hard time as some people think, as

he eats with the family; and my Canadians just do eat.

The afternoon a proposal. Mr. Webb said that he would go back to town, get a friend with another car and drive us over to the National Park. Whilst we waited, would I listen to a radio concert in Nebraska or watch the prairie chicken come right down to the house? Hungarian partridges were seen but a short distance away. Here was a typical settlers' home—settlers who evidently meant to put their backs into it.

Off we started in a fine car to accommodate some of us, and a Ford delivery truck, into which the youngsters were packed. This was to be my first experience of negotiating real trails by automobile. On my previous visit I had gone by rig. Canada has, indeed, made changes. As soon as we started our driver just stepped on the gas, and we went. Talk about Sandford Drove about half-baked in summer time! It was as the stone pitching of Bristol's streets in comparison. A bit up and down, but not much. How we avoided those boulders in the nearly axle-deep ruts I know not. We struck a slump hole, and up came the mud, but we still went on, past lands that had been taken up by the old homesteaders, whose shacks had now fallen into decay with neglected lands around, or else replaced by very fine farms with good stock on them. No hedges, few ditches, but everywhere that continuous barbed-wire fence. There were washouts four feet deep leading to the National Park. How those cars got over them I know not, but they did and that was something to be thankful for. There was no janitor at the gate, but a wooden box with a legend, firstly to sign our names and addresses, I suppose for purposes of identification, should anything



happen. Then, as the buffaloes had been known to charge motor-cars, why, we entered the park at our own risk, and for fear we might get some bruises a sample tin of oil from the local oil field was tied to the post. Canadians do believe in boost. We had not been a mile in the park before we saw our first buffaloes. It was a family group. The old bull looked at us; the others, even the calves, did not wink an eye. Civilisation is proceeding apace in Canada. A bit further on there was a bellow. One could imagine what that meant to those hunters of old.

There was a grand old bull with his robe thrown over his shoulders, charging along towards us followed by two others strictly according to size; but they were only making a display for our benefit. On a bit further in a sloo were hundreds of buffaloes amidst the scanty willows and grazing on the grasses.

What a sight to picture these tremendously big fore-end animals, with comparatively-weak hind quarters! Now a Dempsey-Carpentier scene. Two big bulls were evidently out for the order of precedence. The rest of the herd stood around in a circle. With a fine series of bellows these two manoeuvred for position. No humans could have parried and guarded better than they. In a moment of thoughtlessness one gave an opening. At once the other saw his opportunity and charged. There was a terrific impact, and the other rolled over and over to arise a defeated beast, whilst the other walked back with all the dignity of a champion. It was a most arresting sight, set in unequalled surroundings. We motored on and saw a hawk make a swoop and rise into the air with a gopher in its talons within 20 feet of us. Strange birds (to me) flitted from the bushes, and then we turned up on a

knoll and saw a panoramic view of a chain of lakes and an elk wading out into the water. Surely Canada has done well in retaining such an excellent site for its National Park. The herds of buffaloes have so increased that some 2,000 of them were shot for food last year.

A grand drive back to Hardisty in the pure air and a clear sky. I did not take half as much notice of the depth of the ruts as on my way out. It was evening, but I must have a cup of tea beside the Lake, a snug little spot where the aristocracy of Hardisty spend their summer months instead of going to the seaside which is about a thousand miles distant. Thus it would be rather difficult for a business man to invest in a short season ticket with a daily return to business.

I returned to the Cecil Hotel. There were travellers there, all sitting up for that night train that was to go in the early hours of the morning. I knew that I was being sized up. What was that stranger there for? Was he a sucker; if so, who had him in hand? One of those most versatile individuals who are supposed to know everything about God's earth in Canada and a bit beyond it, a Canadian Pacific Farms' Inspector, was as mystified as the rest. There was but one who knew; that was the hotel attendant, he had seen how I registered. He sat leaning back against his desk with a face as stolid as that of a Chinese. He scarce allowed a twinkle to appear in his intelligent eye. Then they yarned. It was about wonderful crops that were raised, the depth of the soil, the head of game, and the way the mercury went below zero without the cold being felt. Why, it was quite cheerful in winter time at 50 deg. below. Then I had to chip in. "After a thousand years of farming in the Old Country, if we

happened to neglect a field a bit, it was nothing unusual to get 30 or 40 tons of couch an acre out of it before we could crop it again. So we preferred to carry on the cropping and keep it clean." This shot at some of the prairie lands that had been broken and then stubble sown went home.

"Guess we will handle that stranger well."

Then the conversation set in on the realities of Canadian farming, of the rates to be paid, of mortgages, of extra sharp implement men. And it was time to pick up our grips and get away down to the train for Edmonton.

## CHAPTER X.

### EDMONTON GREATLY CHANGED. THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AND THE NEW UNIVERSITY. HEBRIDEAN SETTLERS. REGRETS.

The thousands of miles I have travelled and the wondrous sights I have seen will need a deal of description. I was on the way to Edmonton. It was one of the places I visited a dozen years ago, and now I particularly wanted to see those Hebridean settlers and how they were located. The crops along the line showed great improvement on those I had seen further back. The poplar trees were just recovering from a very bad attack of the tent caterpillar, and thus afforded me the chance of obtaining information as to the clearing of the lands. I found that this is a somewhat troublesome process if the timber is cut close to the surface, but if left with a long stump the team that is hitched to it speedily obtains sufficient leverage to bring the roots up into the air. I had as travelling companion a commercial traveller, and he told me that the English pottery held its own because when it was cracked or chipped it did not stain and appear as unsightly as other makes. When I was at Edmonton before, I had to get to Strathcona for hotel accommodation. Now I found it in Edmonton itself. Out on Jasper Avenue. Why does Edmonton put its exceptionally fine wholesale and other business premises into its back lots, and not line them up in front? A new high-level bridge has been built. Well do I

remember those flights of steps and ferry, and how the rig that was to take us out got stuck on the other side, and we had to dig it out. Now there is a high-level bridge and concrete roads. The whole of the roads of the town I found had wonderfully improved.

In England we have but one set of Parliament buildings, in Canada they have several.

I made my way to the Parliament Buildings, which were hardly finished when I was there before, and where the legislative orators then let off gas is even now pervaded with the fumes of gasoline, as it is used as a motor garage. The Sergeant-at-Arms showed me over : he has a pretty wit. In the Chamber hang two very fine portraits of their Majesties, painted by a Canadian artist.

I learnt that the future legislators who assemble in that Edmonton building will be ever grateful to the Prince of Wales for improving its acoustic properties. When he visited it there were a number of hangings put up as decorations. It was these that did the trick. If the members of the House have not such a Terrace as at Westminster on which to entertain their lady friends to tea, at least they have a fine outlook on the river and surrounding country.

Back into the town again. I observed that one florist was making a speciality of our old-fashioned marigolds and snapdragons for table decoration. The street car system of Edmonton is good. I now went across the river and found a fine trail where I got stuck on the previous occasion on going up to view the site of the proposed University.

Now I found that University a reality. I spent some hours looking over it, and I wish I had more space to give details of its magnificent work. In the

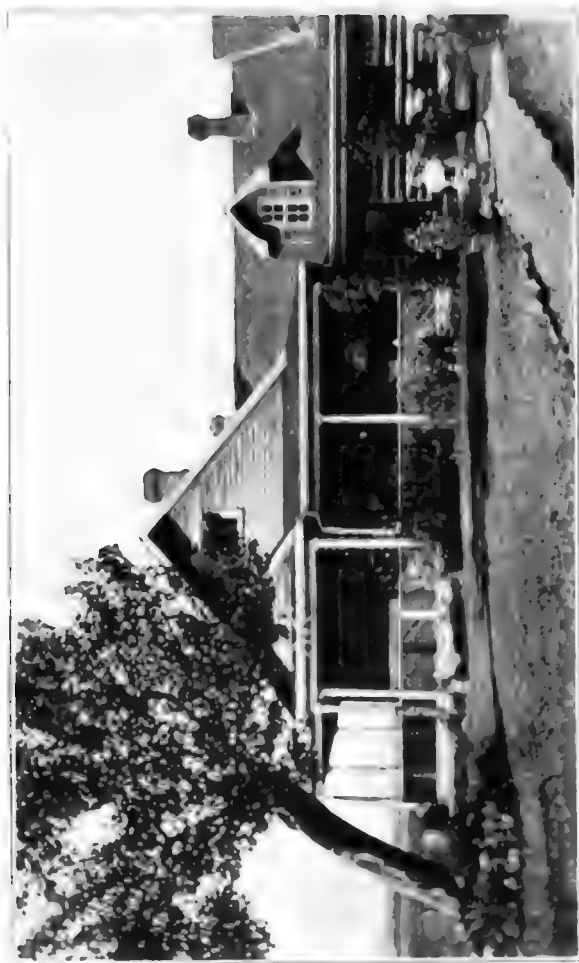
hospital attached to the medical school the first case of diabetic coma was successfully treated with insulin, and that school has obtained a grant of half-a-million Rockefeller dollars. The agricultural side interested me greatly. There was a fine stud of Clydesdale horses, but hardly so good as those at Saskatoon. Yet even here there was development. This took the form of various pairs of steers of different breeds being fed, and in turn exhibited at the various shows. There was an exceptional Shorthorn steer that I was particularly struck with. It would certainly be well in the prize money if exhibited at our Smithfield show. Indeed, it was so good that I made inquiries as to its breeding. Then I learnt that its sire was a bull from the Prince of Wales's ranch, and its dam a grade cow. Blood tells, even on the prairies.

From Edmonton I had made up my mind to go up into the Peace River district, of which I had heard wonderful reports as to its productivity and at the same time the inability of the farmers there to get out the grain that they had grown. A big agitation was on for the construction of a new railway providing an outlet to the Pacific Coast without prohibitive freight charges. From what I could learn it appears to be a pity that land so far back should have been opened for settlement whilst good land close to the railway still was available for development. I thought of going to the Hebridean Settlement, but I soon learnt that I had arrived at a spot where even Henry Ford could not go. The trails were so soft that he sank right in. So I had to be content to learn all about these from other sources.

The Scottish Immigrant Aid Society undertook to



CORRAL OF HORSES IN ALBERTA.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES' RESIDENCE, E. P. RANCH, HIGH RIVER, ALBERTA.



place British subjects on the vacant land in Alberta. At the present time they are building one hundred cottages, the funds for these being donated by the Overseas Settlement Board. The scheme is as follows : The farmer leases three acres of ground for a term of twenty years at a yearly rental of one dollar, and this Association erects a cottage on this three-acre plot, great care being taken in selecting this plot, from three to five miles being an ideal distance from the nearest market, close to school, and in an English-speaking settlement where plenty of employment is ensured. In each case a stove is set up in the house. The territory chosen lies between Red Deer and Edmonton, which is considered the best part of Alberta.

When the family arrives in Alberta they are placed immediately in this cottage and employment secured at once in this vicinity for all members of the family who are eligible for service, the mother and smaller children remaining in the cottage to look after the garden, chickens, cow, etc. Should any member of the family be out of employment he has his own home to go to. If these families cannot secure labour in this neighbourhood there are central offices at Edmonton and Red Deer where close touch is kept with parties employing labour, so that the heads of families are always assured of plenty of work.

After having one year's experience working amongst the farmers, the families are assisted in getting a farm of their own, either to rent or purchase. In either case, the Association passes on this farm. After this family moves out of the cottage another family is moved in, and this is continued from year to year. It has been found that providing a home for these new-comers ready to move into is an ideal settlement scheme.

I had struck Edmonton at a particularly wet time, and this prevented me from finding Dean Howes of the University, who was out at his pig farm. I was much disappointed at not meeting him, for his fame as a judge of cattle was very great, but the trails were impossible, and yet what magnificent crops of oats, especially, could be seen from the train. It seemed as though the hinter land of the Peace River District must have immense possibilities, but like Moses of old I was to hear of the land on which I could not set my foot. I had heard of it at Winnipeg, everyone was talking of it here. But it was the rain that did it. So I took train for Calgary.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CALGARY. SPILLERS' MILLS. STRATHMORE AND COALDALE FARMS. PRAIRIE HORSE DEALING.

I had the evening to spend in Calgary. A well-known resident of Bristol had given me the address of Mr. Reginald Smith, as of such a street in such an avenue. Why not walk and see and learn? Soon I learnt that one of the avenues of Calgary was as the spire of Yatton Church—truncated. I passed the Public Library—a fine building in a public garden full of beautiful flowers—and a very fine statue. How nice the suburbs of Calgary! What charming residential buildings have been erected since I was there 12 years ago, and such healthy children playing on the well-kept lawns. There each man's home is not his castle, fenced in with embattlements, but the lawn just comes right out to the sidewalk. How effectually the local boulders from the river bed, also from the soil, are utilised for architectural purposes! At last a charming retreat in a bend of the bank of the Elbow river—I found the residence of Mr. Smith. He had left his wife at home whilst he had gone on a fortnight's fishing expedition. But he was expected back, as she had heard it was raining where he was. The sound of a motor, and there he was. He had been fishing, without doubt. He was plastered with mud from head to foot. His motor was a mass of gumbo, one of the most tenacious, putty-like clays that I have ever made acquaintance with. "Five hours coming

in 27 miles behind a farm wagon that at times pulled us out." "Fishing?" "No. Why, it has done nothing but rain." "Then you have no fish?" "No, but the farmer's wife said if we churned the butter we could have some. So here's a box." Was there ever a better turn away on the part of a fisherman for having been away a fortnight and caught nothing? How those Bristolians like to chat of the old city! Soon that car was in presentable form, and I was made thoroughly acquainted with the beauty of the modern town of Calgary.

Next morning a run out to see the Alberta Mills that had been purchased by Messrs. Spillers, of Cardiff and Bristol. It is a very fine property, and situate in one of those spots where wheat grows best. Here and elsewhere in Calgary I saw that additions were being made to the various elevators with simply marvellous rapidity. They have evidently mastered the art of cement concrete construction since I was at Calgary before, when a building in course of construction collapsed during the dinner-hour. The capacities of these elevators are such as to impress one more and more that the production of wheat in the near future must be greater than in the past. And I did not see any harvesters hanging round for a job at the street corners.

Twelve years ago I visited the C.P.R. Company's farm at Strathmore. Well can I remember the barn and the milking machine, and the cows it was intended to milk. Now the Strathmore herd of Holsteins is the largest in Canada, comprising over 300 head, and of these there are 28 cows with records of 20,000 lbs. of milk and over per annum. This herd has won more first prizes than all of its competitors put together,

and, of course, is tuberculin tested. The bulls used in this fine herd are selected with great exactitude as to the milking records of their female ancestry, and butter fat comes in for consideration as well. Thus the nearest dams of the senior bull of the herd have averaged 1,100 lbs of butter in the year. There is a flock of 1,500 pure-bred recorded laying performance Rhode Island poultry as well as some Barred Rocks. Berkshire and Yorkshire pigs are also kept. The breed of sheep is Suffolks, and they do remarkably well on their prairie life. It was on these farms that the now prevalent system of French silage pits for sun-flower silage was originated. It is far and away ahead of other systems as regards initial cost and simplicity, as it is so easy to construct, and, furthermore, the silage cures and keeps remarkably well so long as the bottom of the trench is efficiently drained. It works quite as well with other silage products, such as maize, clover, and grasses. These farms have now become centres of instruction for many Canadian farmers to visit, and learn how to do it. The district around Calgary has apparently done well in everything except its oil boom. And my, what a fine reputation the Prince of Wales has over there! Why, they cheer and sing "God Bless the Prince of Wales" to the echo, and they know the words of the second verse. If one desires to know how those Calgarians spend the leisure hour, just start them talking of the latest Calgary stampede. Now, having had a most interesting time at Calgary, renewed old friendships, and made others, I determined, like a pioneer of old, to penetrate the mysteries of those Rocky Mountains, only by far different and more speedy methods.

Word came along that an order was about for two

car loads of horses to go to lumber camps. Would I like to go out with the party that was to select them? The blood of an Olden Timer came in. A "hoss deal." Lawks, how many hours had I and others in the olden country spent over "Hoss deals," and here was to be a succession of them, as 20 horses are required to fill a car and here were 40 horses to be purchased. Fancy, 40 horse deals in one day! I told that hotel chap to hang on to my number, as no one could resist such an opportunity. Henry Ford had supplied a Sedan for the occasion. It was driven by one, Durno, closely related to those Durnos in far-off Scotland, that breed the superb cattle known as Shorthorns. This Durno had evidently had oatmeal enter into his composition early in life and he had done well on it. He had with maturity added to his beamage and should weigh in at about 276 lbs. avoirdupois. They are great hands in Canada at knowing how many ounces there should be in a bottle of whisky and what even a man or horse must weigh. Then next to him stood the representative of the firm making the purchases, dressed immaculately, even his tie not being a thirty-secondth out of the perpendicular. Yet even he was of somewhat aldermanic build, quite as hefty as the other but not quite so tall, which was compensated for by width. Then there was one Fergusson. I hadn't quite sized him up, but he appeared to be one of those cute sort of chaps generally associated with a horse deal. His first use was to act as a wedger between the other two on the front seat of that car. You see, a certain portion of his anatomy was on one seat; there was a bit of a bend in it before it reached the other, and under compression it held. It is necessary to explain these details. On the back seat was quite

an important personage with an occasional twinkle in his eye which indicated good fellowship. He was the veterinary, popularly known as Doc. On the other side of me was a Yorkshireman. He was the silent man of the party. Soon I found that, like the parrot, if he spoke but little, he was the very de'il to think as far as horseflesh was concerned. It was very necessary that we all sat down at once or rose at once to properly square that back seat. The others took the sides quite readily and most generously allowed me to take the centre. Later I knew why. They did it because when those back springs were sent up towards the roof of that Sedan car, why, my head came first in contact and acted as buffer for the rest. First two handkerchiefs and then a folded newspaper were packed into the crown of my cap. These lessened the shocks somewhat. I had thought that the trails the day before were somewhat rough. Now we had it in earnest. The life of an automobile is evidently but a pawn in the game out in Canada. Miles out. Our first stop was at a corral. Here a mob of horses had been driven in and I never saw horses with such uncared for feet in my life. Now in England we have a certain respect for the hind legs of a horse, but the Canadian expert keeps a keen outlook forrards. The dear old home formula of vetting. "What! Doc. That horse is spavin! Never in its life, Doc. I gave a hundred and eighty dollars for it, as shure as it has sound feet. What! Not pass it, Doc? Shure somebody else will have to purchase that horse."

"Now, Doc, I am sure there was not any spavin on that horse when I purchased it. Can't you pass it?" "A hundred and eighty dollars, Doc. Now just think of it." But Doc had evidently thought. He was busy

with a really useful Belgian-type pair of compact handy horses. They would pass. 'Tis well that they do not allow an idle hand in Canada. I was put to work. I had to. Clip a mark in an especial way on the near shoulder. The implement had been a one-time clipper, now half of the teeth did not come in contact ; some more were evidently in need of grinding, as they absolutely refused to cut hair. Still, by holding at a certain angle a streak could be made. But as most of the horses had just shed their old coats and were growing their new, my task evolved into one of skill, especially as I soon found out I had to keep one eye on the work and the other on the horse's near fore-foot. Now, most of us in the agricultural line can tell the age of a horse over here by its teeth, except when it's out of mark, and even then there are indications. But a Canadian horse's mouth is apparently an unfathomable mystery to the non-initiated. Biting into that prairie wool with its grit, sand, and loam soon upsets all the indexing. But Doc knew five, six, nine years' old. My, didn't he look for " Blue-eye," too old, too small, shivers and shakes, and that tell-tale touch as to side bones. Wind, ah ! the wind. They are simply past masters in handling a windy subject Calgary way. The selections made, off we started. It was easier to get down into that corral than out of it. Like old Steve Francis's 'bus, we were expected to get out and push when agwine up the hill. Just when we stopped for a breather, Henry, who was evidently no shiverer if a jibber, began backing for a refresher towards a coolie, or small deep stream, but a rock brought it up. What a variety of types of horses we saw, and characters we met ! Of the horses, what a number were mere weedy specimens ; but when we came across a good pair a deal



was soon in progress. We dropped in at one little farm. There was a straw shed in which the fowls were scratching. There a pair of horses were tied; a real treat to find a pair so sound and good and so quiet. At another place: "Shure, Doc, she does walk a bit elevated on the margin; but perhaps it's out of tender regard to her feelings." Whoever heard a side-bone so picturesquely described before? Then we were joined by an old-timer. John is well on towards 80, but as tough and leathery as a whip thong. John knew for some away out. Once more on those trails, and through the township without a character. Would that I had time to note down John's stories of his early-day experiences of real Canadian life; when, indeed, it was the "wild and woolly West." On to a farm, though the sun was setting. The teams were at work summer fallowing, six horses in a row. We pulled them out. Two were selected; then back to the farm. It was run by young fellows who evidently knew how to grow grain. The price. They had been offered so much before. Our bargainer hesitated to accept the statement, when John, with the air of a Solomon, thus delivered himself: "Shure, those boys are not old enough to lie about a horse yet." The deal was made. It was quite easy to see that the gasoline tractor has had its day even in the Calgary district. Once more the bumps of those trails. As I looked in a window in one of the principal streets of Calgary I noticed some fanged instruments described as "Head scratchers. Two for 25 cents." The shop-keeper evidently knew what was required after a day on the trails horsedealing.

## CHAPTER XII.

TO VISIT THE E.P. RANCH. THE DEAN DRIVES  
FASTER THAN JEHU OF OLD. A STONY  
TRAIL ON SOFT EARTH. MOTORING  
THROUGH THE STREAM.

It is not the easiest thing in the world, firstly, to plan a trip to the E.P. Ranch, and, secondly, to carry it into effect. About midnight the telephone rang beside me and I was awakened from the commencement of a well-deserved sleep. Oh, the commercial ideas of this material age.

Shure, I have fixed it! Dean Howes and Mrs. Howes are going down to the E.P. Ranch, and Sir Robert Greig, Scottish Ministry of Agriculture, is with them. If convenient would I join them? I arose, went down to the lobby of the hotel. A stiffish sort of individual was there. I asked the room clerk where I could ring up those who were to be my travelling companions of the morning. The stiffish individual bowed.

"I think I am one of them, but I am awaiting my grip; it has not got through and here I am."

It's not of the slightest moment to talk to an individual in Canada who has lost his grip any more than to apologise to a spinster lady that it was not intentionally that one trod on her favourite's tail, and getting well sworn at and clawed into the bargain.

Things did not look well in the official direction. What would the Dean be like? Why, now, in the Old Country we have a certain amount of reverence for the

Dean. And how was I, a mere farmer, to address the lady? Things didn't look well at all. There was a certain fire in the eye of that stalwart Scotsman as his grip came not. I felt that I had better shift up aloft as it was likely to become warm below. Now, in the Old Country if I want to wake at six, why, I can wake at 6, but I couldn't figure out quite what o'clock it was, Old Country time 6 a.m., at Calgary. Why, I was worried more than a bit, but I didn't mean to miss that E.P. Ranch.

Next morning a smartly equipped Dodge car drew up at the hotel. I was introduced to the Dean. He was minus the hat and the gaiters. The official gloom of the night before?

"Ah! Poor Eldred, there's something before ye, lad, that thur be," thought I.

We started off and began by striking the wrong turning. The Dean sought an official of the law, whilst that official map was scrutinised with official exactitude by my seat companion, for not a wurd spake he. The suburbs of Calgary cleared, and we began to strike the trails in earnest.

Says the Dean, "I hear you were out with Mr. Hutton yesterday on a Canadian horse deal. Certainly you must have had some courage. He does drive."

I began to think that the Dean was driving, too, for he struck something, and the Scotsman rose from his end of the seat and embraced me as affectionately as though it was Hogmanay night. The ice was broken, and we both started right away to keep a keen eye on what the Dean was doing. He drove as though he meant it. He swung off the main trail and side-tracked over little bridges, the planks of which rose forthwith nearly on end in protest. Then, on

that trail they were freshly grading it. Bristolians who have visited Clovelly must have remembrance of the boulder-strewn beach. Well, our trail much resembled that beach. How the Dean twisted the wheels of the car in between and around those rocks will ever remain to me a mystery, as it will to Sir Robert. Firstly we tried to reckon those rocks. Finding this impossible, we drew up a scale of points. If we struck a bump and both left the seat it was to count one; if our heads struck the top of the car it was to count two. When we finished the count was even. The grading became worse and worse.

In my time I have seen road men do peculiar things, but never before have I seen them diligently seeking to remove a bit of turf with a four-pronged fork and leaving a 5-cwt. granite boulder right in the middle of the road. We smelt oil, but were not taking oil shares, though there was a huge signboard beside the road indicating that there was "A snorting good meal for all-comers."

Once again we struck the Valley of Rocks, though far away from Lynton. We rushed by a high rock in the middle of the road. Is there a man, or even a motorist, who has been known to remove a rock from a trail? There it lies, twisted, turned, punched, polished by scores of tyres that never apparently get tired in doing it. But to take that rock off the trail in Canada would evidently be considered a crime. Then the car began to roll, and stopped. Oh! The Dean opened the door and stood forth. "I am not quite sure whether it is the road or the tire." (They don't use the "y" in Canada the same as we do in Somerset.)

"Yes, it's all right; just bumped the back axle a bit."

On again, past huge waving plains of splendid wheat and oats. Surely the Winford Ploughing Match Society could find a sufficiency of room for all competitors over here next autumn, and they need not be at a loss as regards the mark out except seeing the other end of it. We were leaving the grain and entering the ranch district. Quite well bred cattle in evidence. Grand Galloways, noble Shorthorns, splendid Herefords; then very weedy looking horses. That superb air! How long would mortal man reside on earth if he were constantly breathing such? And the motor was veritably force feeding our lungs with it. Truly I had found the real elixir of life at last.

The speedometer had totted up to sixty miles since we started. Then we reached where Mr. George Lane conducted his famous system of raising pure bred horses on ranch plans. And even when he is gone the fame of his Percherons will remain. At one time his ranches comprised upwards of a hundred thousand acres. The trail was now somewhat better, and I am really afraid that if there had been a speed cop about, why it might have been bad for the pocket of even a Dean. The Automobile Club of Alberta is evidently sparing in its funds as regards the erection of signs, but we were on the right trail at last.

We came to a linked wire fence gate. It was quite a change from the usual Canadian variety of three stakes and two strands of barbed wire. But the catch was missing, and for a while it took all the ingenuity of the Head of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland to solve which way that piece of wire had to be twisted or untwisted to secure or loosen that gate. At last it swung open against the stop block of a well-weathered hub of a farm wagon wheel.

It certainly was effective, and a change from the eternal granite pebbles that we had encountered.

Inside, with no sentry to challenge one, we came to a stream bank. Were those Indian Squaws about to hide their little Moses in the bulrushes or their equivalent in the growth of willow scrub? They were as timorous as a Turk in facing the eye of the camera. But even they could not resist the gleam of Scotch siller in the form of Canadian 50c. piece. It is said that they do not appreciate paper money.

The picture taken, we found that we had yet to reach the Prince's home. There was the wide stream of crystal water flowing over the pebbles. We had already learnt that the gurglings of the depth of these crystal waters are somewhat deceptive. Could we make it without drowning the engine? There was no bridge, no other way. So in we splashed. A mighty wave rushed up and down stream. We saw trout rush the shallows, and just in the depths the car slowed with a gasp. It got on to a bed of pebbles in mid-stream whilst we surveyed the situation. It could be no worse to go forrard than to go back. So on we went. A final splash—and terra firma.

Oh! Such a snug rancher's home; one as any farmer might well be proud of in old England! There were old country flowers in the garden. An endeavour was being made to grass up the tennis lawn, which had been denuded of its surface by a wash out from the river last spring, and it will take a deal to bring the garden into cultivation by reason of it. The verandah of the house was rendered so delightfully cool and cosy by Kentish Golding hops or some other strain trained up as a screen. And here in remotest rusticity the heir to the Crown of the British Empire

can sit and enjoy the simple life with God's own view, unspoilt by man, spread out before him. That sweep of ranch land ; and then as the finality to the scene those foothills and the Rockies piling up into the sky ! Even for the short time we were there, the change of light and shadows created wonderful effects. Well might the Prince, think I, have seen the sights. That glitter, the tempting sounds I have heard, are naught to equal the beauty of over here. Well can one appreciate his desire to run over to his ranch ; and after his day of hard at it sit in that cosy chair and watch the sun set behind the Rockies, or perchance note the Chinnock erect its arch of blue in the sky.

I wonder whether the Prince has had a hoss deal on that verandah yet ?

Mr. W. L. Carlyle, the Prince's manager, was away, but he had left a wonderful guide in his daughter, Miss Carlyle. By jingo, what a head she has, and the details of the ranch at her finger tips ! I noted the boss of the agriculture of Scotland nodded approval at her remarks. I thought, if our English girls knew agriculture like this one, why our sons must be fools to let them go to Canada or elsewhere, unless they went with them.

## CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES RANCHES.  
GOOD HORSES. SPLENDID CATTLE. SPEAR  
GRASS. OTHER RANCHES. CATTLE AND  
FARMING. AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

First of all she had the horse stud of the farm led forth. There was a smart Clydesdale two-years-old stallion, Baron Blackwood. But somehow I had a partiality for the yearling Percheron, The Don. Next to be seen was His Majesty the King's thoroughbred, Will Somers, which he has loaned the Prince, and which gave the crew of the liner a real lively time in bringing it over. It was now as quiet as an old cart horse. And, furthermore, there was that pretty Dartmoor, Teigndale, bred at Tor Royal, Princetown. This was evidently the pet of the ranch.

We took the car, and having indulged in a bit of mountain-climbing that fairly took the gas out of it, we found the thoroughbred mares, Flood and Miss Milligan, each with a pretty foal thriving in that rare air. There were other mares, notably Tea Party, from Donegal, and Happy May, from the Curragh.

Off for a further inspection of the ranch. A real touch of irony! A gate bore the legend: "The Non Sag Gate," in bold lettering. It took the combined efforts of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland and "North Somerset" to raise that gate sufficiently for the bolt to be drawn. It is just the sort of gate that they would like in the Beaufort country. Into the cattle barn, the only sign of substantial extravagance





GENERAL VIEW OF THE E. P. RANCH, HIGH RIVER, ALBERTA, OWNED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



BOW RIVER VALLEY AND THE CANADIAN PACIFIC BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL.

on the ranch. It is well built of logs with cement floors, practical down to the minutest details. Therein I saw a few of the summer stock. There was one cow supplying the household with milk, the other rearing two excellent calves, one of which I reckon will be in the Canadian showyards next year. It was noticeable that the herdsman or horseman was like the English one at home, a wee bit proud of selecting representative types of animals and pasting them up. One picture was a fine one of Mr. John Douglas's Gloucestershire Old Spots boar, Woodstock Edwin. So far pigs have not been introduced to the ranch, but a fine and thriving flock of Hampshire Down sheep has, and it is remarkable how well they have kept their form and wool. Geese cackled. There were white turkeys and real utilitarian fowls. Why, even a West of England farmer's wife might well be proud of the Prince's poultry yard. But there, I ought to have written chickens, for no matter how old the hen is 'tis but a chicken in Canada. It's one of those things that won't grow up.

A cowboy was sent off to locate the herd of Shorthorns; they were somewhere out in the brush.

Going along, Miss Carlyle showed us the grave of an Indian squaw. She had been brought in by her tribe and buried on the high ground overlooking a stream according to Indian practice. The topic of Indians came up. I learnt that the Stony Indians came along and occasionally undertook brush cutting. The man engaged the job, collected the money, whilst the squaws did the work, and if he made a bad bargain, why, they just gave him a real lively time.

By this time some of the Shorthorns were located, and in walking to them we made the acquaintance of

that prairie pest, spear grass. They are worse than fish-hooks in one's flesh. Once in they have to be cut out, and my knife-blade was not at all keen for the job. The varieties of Michaelmas daisies and other flowers growing on that prairie! The mowing machine was at work converting it into hay, quite an easy process. Down beside that crystal stream was a group of cows and calves. Here was the Shorthorn at its best. Seldom have I seen the breed carry such flesh by means of grass alone on English pastures. The feeding of that ranch is rich, evidently—very rich.

As we drove more and more out of the brush I began to observe one fact. I know the Stoke Climsland herd family well at home, the type, etc. But here there was a difference. The animals had developed wonderful heart girth; they had deepened, and I could only account for this by reason of the rarity of the air requiring more development of lung space, and Nature had at once started to provide it.

How that spear grass worked into our very flesh as we stood and admired the splendid Shorthorns in the brush. They were of varying ages, but there were some splendid heifers. How Mr. Annand would look if he had them again at his Stoke Climsland farms. And the condition had been put on them solely through the medium of prairie wool, the indigenous pasturage of the prairies. Then we learn that the Prince cannot fish in his own stream, as it is closed for restocking, though the trout were in veritable shoals in some of the deeper holes. Hitherto I have described Sir Robert Greig under the various titles that the Canadian papers have given him. I may as well mention that he is chairman of the Scottish board of Agriculture. He had been casting envious eyes at the

cowboy's horse. Soon an exchange was effected and Sir Robert swung into the stock saddle as though to the manner born and, adjusting the rope, was ready for any steer. It must have been easier riding on that saddle than in the motor.

Back to the houses. What a pattern to many Canadians, for there has not been a penny spent needlessly. The simplicity of the furnishings of the Prince's apartments is astonishing. I then learnt that our guide, philosopher, and friend, Miss Carlyle, was a graduate of Kansas University in agriculture, and took a bachelor's degree there. She made a speciality of stock judging, and won the silver trophy as being the best pig judge amongst the students. Going on, she took Master's Degree in general science at the University of California. She specialised in Mendelism and is now in her last year's course, studying for a Doctor's Degree. She has been appointed assistant to the head of the Department of Science at California University, and just as a variant she plays first violin and revels in orchestral music. Such is the Canadian girl who runs the ranch when the Prince of Wales and Dad are away. An excellent lunch, cooked and served by a Japanese cook. Sailor Jack is supposed to be the handyman of the world, but I reckon that little Jap can come up alongside him. When war broke out Master Jap considered himself so much a Canadian that he refused his own country's call, joined a Canadian regiment, went, fought, and bled for his adopted country, and came back to the ranch. He runs the cookery for the house, the men on the ranch, and for visitors. He is head gardener, and he had plenty of bright flowers in the borders. When an automobile or binder breaks, it's Jap who is the mechanic. From

earliest morn to darkest night he is at work, and yet he has found time to get married, and the Prince will find a thriving young Jap on his ranch—born and certainly will be bred up a Canadian. The sun was just causing the crests of the Rockies to cast elongated shadows down over their eastern slopes as Dean Howes, having consulted the navigation officer of the Ranch as to the course to set in that inland waterway, took the plunge and safely emerged on the other side. Not far along the road were Indian Squaws with real engaging smiles for another of Sir Robert's 50 cent pieces, and if he wanted a special pose was not Stoney John, or its Indian equivalent, ready to make the bargain?

But we had other things to do. It was a veritable toss up as to whether we should visit a ranch famous for its Hereford cattle. By the way, the rage for Polled Herefords in the States is beginning to make itself felt on the Canadian side as well. But coming along the Scotsman had sighted some superb Gallo-ways, and was determined to make closer acquaintance with them. As we traversed that trail the wheat appeared to have ripened very much. Either we were travelling slow, or the wheat was extra fast, but it is really wonderful how wheat and other grain ripens in Canada when once it starts. We turned aside along a trail leading up to a fine house, built on a slight rise on those flats. Here was electric light and waterworks all laid in, radio set for long distance, telephone, and such a barn! In the early eighties of last century Mr. Wallace came along, saw that the land was good, built a shack on one corner of his quarter section, and proceeded to homestead it. Feeling a bit lonesome like, he brought his wife out, got entry on another

quarter section adjacent to his, and built a shack for her on her corner, opposite his own, quite a suitable arrangement for obtaining a goodly number of acres of excellent quality land. About ten years after the steels came through, and there was an outlet for their produce. Firstly, we had a look at some very fine brood mares, and they would make our agricultural horse breeders at home look a bit straight if they had to meet them in competition. They are of a Clydesdale foundation, crossed with shires. It is the custom to break the colts at from three to four years old. From the horses it was an easy matter to go out into the fields of grain. I am not a short chap, but when I walked into a piece of oats a few yards it was quite impossible, so they informed me afterwards, to obtain a picture of my "box of knowledge." If ever I saw 100 bushels an acre crop, here it was, on this 75 acre piece. There were one hundred acres of wheat also, which the self-binders were cutting. After this we had a look at the pure bred Galloway herd of cattle. The Scotsman declared that there was no better herd to be found in Ayrshire. The wonderful depth of their heart girth impressed him, and it confirmed my ideas as to the Prince of Wales's Shorthorns. But truth must out. Mr. Wallace every now and again comes over to Scotland, ostensibly for a holiday of course, but in reality to obtain some of the choicest strains of non related blood. It was a wonderful sight, that superb herd of cattle grazing on those extra good prairie pastures.

The usual Canadian hospitality followed, and whilst at tea I learned why the Dean had given the Herefords a miss, and turned with such alacrity to Riverside, for had not the agricultural side of Edmonton Uni-

versity fed a steer bred by Mr. Wallace, and that breeder had said if they won at Chicago he would give them another to replace it? And now the Dean was having a first look round as to where the pick should be. The trophy was won at Chicago, and now the skin of that steer, beautifully tanned and dressed, was lying as a rug on Mr. Wallace's floor. A very fine idea this. Would it not be nice to carry out in connection with our Smithfield champions? A magnificent prairie sunset warned us that it was well to be away for sixty miles at least of that valley of rocks lay between us and Calgary. The Dean and his wife sat in front of the automobile as we ran into the night. Then they started singing one of those sweet old lullabys, but as we speeded on my Scots friend and I were apt to feel, well, as small boys sometimes feel when they have been "kotched a'kumen down Neighbour Brown's old apple tree." The blaze of Calgary's lights, and we were right glad when we drew up at the Palliser Hotel and I walked into the lounge.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### WHERE THEY PILE UP THE ROCKS. FASCINATING BANFF. HOT AND COLD SPRINGS. MOONLIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS. NEW ROADS TO MORAINÉ LAKE.

From Calgary they were seen in varying stages of clearness, or rather those foothills that were holding up the Rockies. It is said that in pre-railway days a visitor to Calgary observed that he would take a walk across to those Rockies. He walked first one day and then another, then coming to a small creek, about a yard wide, divested himself of his clothing, prepared to swim it, as he had found distances so deceptive. Anyway, for fear that I might not see all, I got into one of those open observation cars whence one could obtain an unobstructed view of the country around. I saw that hill now covered with residential buildings, on which on the occasion of my previous visit, Dr. Blow proposed to erect the University that is now a fact, at Edmonton. Even a dozen years brings many changes. As usual, we soon chummed up. He was an expert gardener, and was readily informative as to how to grow one of those big squashes like Jimmy Brown puts into his window some times. It was, when the squash had started growing, to take a cheese iron, and bore a hole right into the interior, insert a tube, then pour a pint of milk through this tube each morning, and cork the tube. The squash would then swell visibly in anticipation of carrying off

premier honours at the local or other shows. I have not had an opportunity to try this method, but I repeat the recipe as received. Perhaps it may be as good as the stocking-needle and worsted in a sugar solution as being productive of the big marrow. In the meantime the train was speeding us on to the Rockies, the news agent was doing a thriving trade in tinted glass motor goggles to keep off the glare and prevent the dust reaching our eyes, and yet seemingly with it all we did not get a bit nearer to where they pile up those rocks. Alongside the river we went. Those old pioneers appeared to have set out trails alongside the river banks. The Bow river was bringing down the silt which rendered it of sapphire hue that would not change to the whiteness of foam when dashed against the boulders in the river bed. A certain tightness in the lungs indicated that they needed the ribs to expand a bit to enable them to take in a plentitude of rarer air, and ribs and windbags for awhile at least were not in agreement. Cattle had come down from the ranches, and were drinking at the stream side. Mobs of horses stood switching their tails to keep the flies off. At the railway crossings there were waiting an Indian squaw on horseback, with all the paraphernalia of her camp life, four cowboys, one with a pink shirt and yellow neckerchief, and the settler in his rig. What a touch of colour! Then we came to a big dam which showed where the river's power was being harnessed for the production of electricity. The bare prairies were being left behind, conifers and other trees were growing, and with a shriek of the engine whistle and a clang of its bell I was indeed entering into that River gorge amidst the foothills of the Rockies. What would they reveal to me?

Not so long ago I was, in Lakeland, wonderfully impressed with the Langdale Pike, and I got a view of Helvellyn, of schoolboy memories, but these were but as balls on a billiard-table to what I was to see as the train took me through The Gap to again make acquaintance with that piling-up of nature's scenic efforts. There were some 600 miles of beautiful mountain scenery before me, and the fastest train traversing the Rockies would take 23 hours from Cochrane to Mission. So that I should not, by reason of the night, miss any of the beauties, I entered The Gap by daylight. Coming off the comparative level of the prairies, one nearly turned dizzy at looking up at, let alone looking down from, the two almost vertical walls of rock, and the train was apparently heading direct into one of them. Of course, the various mountains have been named, but these don't count for much unless associated with feet, and then the description is no bit better than a lesson in geography. Now these mountains are capped with snow. Here was nature's work for hundreds of thousands of years, and apparently, during a fit of temper, some of the rocks were thrust up through others, forming fantastic shapes, and now capped with snows that had fallen in more recent date. The sun had nearly finished exacting its toll of last winter's fall, and bare peaks were thrust up into the sky, seemingly in mute appeal for the Snow King to again cast his mantle over them. The Wind Mountain and the Three Sisters, and we are in one of Canada's national parks. It has fifteen. Eleven are in Western Canada, and I was now in the Rocky Mountain Park—one of the largest. It has an area of 2,751 square miles, its greatest length being 100 miles. So it will be seen how comparatively comfort-

able Old Zummerzett could be tucked into it and those Three Sisters keep watchful ward over it.

The train takes us on up the river bed. We see tame buffalo in little paddocks and beyond the erstwhile wild Rocky Mountain Goat, now like an Eastern potentate taking a comfortable siesta on his housetop. The train seemingly is sluggish, so that we can see more and more. Our eyes feel the strain, and there is a bit of a crick at the nape of my neck at peering upward, and still more upward, to see what new in scenic effects can be revealed. I am not sorry when the train pulls up at Banff. The porters were busy handling the luggage of the tourists of all nations centralising on Banff. Here I saw the first charabanc. I was lucky to get a reservation at the Banff Springs Hotel, which is considered to be the finest mountain hotel in the world, and I can well believe it. It is a summer resort for the wealth of the American Continent, and yet is open for four months only. As I was swirled into the courtyard I was reminded of the traffic at the Place de L'Opera in Paris. Here I saw the automobile life of America, and it was great. Many a Scotsman has asked me have I ever seen Banff. My retort now will be, "Hae ye seen Banff in th' Rockies?" It is by far and away the most fascinatingly beautiful spot that I have ever resided in for a time. The mountains, as the light changes, are never for five minutes the same. It's a veritable panorama of beauty whether seen ere the sun rises over the crests and calls upon those muslin like curtains of mist to disperse, or at mid day when the different shades of green of the conifers, climbing up the mountain sides, dwarfing as they go, until at last even these hardy dwarfs of the species can climb no higher and give way to the flowers

of the mountain, which in turn fail, leaving the rocks bare and stark towering up into the sky. Then at night, when the full moon rises and bathes the mountain tops in its soulful, alluring light, well can those young folks amongst the visitors be expected to go for a walk, or even a motor ride, to see the moon. It may be "the same old moon," but what a different setting! And there's that human throng coming and going all night long. But there are other things. Nature, out of its cold stores, has provided springs of hot water which issue from the ground at a temperature of 90 degrees. Now, much is made of these springs. The Government has spent £150,000 in developing the Sulphur Cave and swimming pools. The cave where the sulphur waters issues is lit with lurid red lights. This, combined with the sulphur exhalations, is doubtless designed for realistic effect. Well that the days of Mrs. Grundy are past! Would she have dared to glance down into that bathing-pool filled with bathers of both sexes and all ages splashing about for hours in those warm waters? Truly, the fastidious can here see the latest in dress or the lack of it, but then they are not squeamish on the other side. Those who like golf have an 18-hole course for a display of their skill, and it is sufficiently remote for other visitors to be spared their language. In the Bow River there's the waterfall. Down tumble those sapphire bluish green waters hard and cold. As they meet the rocks they turn white, but are too cold to foam, so for a while they flow along white until the air bubbles escape, and then they turn back sapphire green again. A motor trip to have a look at those tame-wild animals. Twenty years ago visitors to the Rockies, if they caught sight of a wild animal saw it going from them. Now they come to

meet them. Into the buffalo enclosure. We were warned by the keeper to be careful else one of the bulls might charge our motor and not account for the proceedings at the gate. We then learnt that the buffalo herd had held an election and deposed their one-time leader, and, like all true Parliamentarians, he felt a bit sore about it. We continued our journey on to Lake Minnewanka, noticing that it, too, had been harnessed for the supply of electric energy. We got on board a trim little craft and found the captain most discursive. But my, what a stickler for exactitude! Thus he impressed upon us time after time that the waters of the lake were 150 feet deep, and that it lacked four feet from being a mile wide, and that the heaviest fish was so many pounds and an ounce and half and was caught on a small hook in the evening. Would that he could go amongst those boatmen at Killarney for a while! A telephone wire down on the road. They will hit a rock or drive through anything in Canada, with one exception, and that is drive over or handle a fallen wire. They have a great regard for wire in Canada, especially when they have reason to believe that it is connected with a power-station. There was the wire across the road. It had to be severed somehow. Each motorist had a pair of cutting pliers in his kit, but he just feared to use them. That wire had to be severed. A big pebble was pushed under it by means of a stick. Then other pebbles were brought and thrown at the wire until it was cut through. Then the ends were turned aside and we passed along in safety. How that mountain air stimulated my appetite! It had been awakened already. A dinner at the hotel, to which hundreds sat down. Not a glass of beer, not a bottle of wine, but the glasses filled with crystal water. Once

again the horses were out. The American ladies are veritable enthusiasts as regards trail riding, and the sure-footed mountain ponies take one up to great altitudes. They know their route as well as any guide. The charm of the evening view where the Spray River joins the Bow, the hoodoos in the distance standing like mute sentinels on the hillside, and the solemn feeling associated with those Jackpines!

It was Sunday morning. Why not admire the beauties created by the Great Architect of the Universe? Would I join an automobile party to Lake Louise, a distance of 41 miles, and shure did we not strike a native of Hibernia that had kissed the Blarney Stone and acclimatised himself at Banff? He fairly out-Killarneyed those boat guides of Killarney. If he didn't know the name of a mountain, why, surely he invented one right away! Firstly, we had to admire the mirror reflections of the various mountains in the Vermillion Lakes, and one could obtain more detail by looking into the water than up at the mountains. Rocky Mountain sheep leapt down from rock to rock to have a look at us. High up on the mountain sides were the goats just indulging in a dietetic partiality for clay. The beauty of the well-made road. By the way, a goodly portion of this road was constructed by the labour of interned Germans during the war, and it will be noticed that they made neat piles of the unwanted boulders by the roadside. We were, indeed, in for a panoramic series of mountain views. Castle Mountain loomed large, and Storm Mountain could not possibly belie its name. We thought that we could see nothing better. But that one-time Jarvey knew.

How he twisted and turned in the pine woods, ever

getting higher and higher up towards the mountain which had tucked away behind it the Moraine Lake, or the Valley of the Ten Peaks. It has been far more fittingly named Paradise Valley. Here one must be hardened indeed not to be impressed with this most magnificent sight—the grandeur of nature's solitudes that man has not spoilt. Solitary it might be, yet it was full of life, movement and indescribable charm. Just across that little lake of varying sapphire tints rose the final peaks of the mountains we had been climbing. In the valleys were those peculiar bluish glaciers, while from beneath them came tumbling down over the face of the cliffs glacial streams that were feeding the lake which had been held back by a dam of nature's making. As we stood or rambled on in the wood on the other side we gathered rare mountain flowers and mosses, and longingly, like a boy on his way to school, would wish that we could take them home. The display of colours in that sapphire lake was wonderful. We lingered on until Old John came plunging up through the brush and informed us that it was time to be on the trail again if we wanted to see the world-famed Lake Louise.



## CHAPTER XV.

THE ROMANCE OF LAKE LOUISE. THE  
GIRLS' HOLIDAY. SEEKING KNOWLEDGE.  
THE SURPRISE OF MY LIFE. CHIEF BUFFALO  
CHILD LONG LANCE. FISH HATCHING.

John McComrick knew his way. If he had not, why, we should have been over the embankment and crashing into the top of some Jack Pine hundreds of feet below. Here was in abundance that strikingly beautiful flower the Indian Paint Brush. How it showed up against the undergrowth, and when I went to gather one remarkable specimen I walked into a bed of wild strawberries. This was luck indeed; it was a change from those blue berries, or whortleberries. Then for a turn up to Lake Louise. Twelve years ago how those horses, four in hand, struggled to pull me up; now alongside the trail were the steels of a mountain railway, and as we with petrolic power went upwards we saw at a level crossing a big board on which in bold letters was painted the words "Stop, Look, Listen." a warning indeed to prevent train and automobile meeting. That stream which I once so admired. I cannot draw myself away without climbing up to have a glance at Lake Agnes and the Mirror Lake. A glimpse through a gap in the trees and I see the lake as once before. The man-made excrescences are shut out, and there before me is that beautiful unspoiled handiwork of Nature. The picture it makes is well worth travelling half round the world to see, and here I came across a group, two from New Zealand, one from China,

two from the West Indies, a Frenchman, a Scotchman, three Americans and myself. Says the Frenchman, "Mon Dieu quel lac magnifique." Each mentions his or her own country's natural beauty spot, but in the end all admit that from this point there is such a singularity of charm that cannot be equalled elsewhere. The trail riders, a new institution of which I may write more anon, are beginning to file down the trails back for dinner at the hotel, and this warns us we also must be away back. Can it be the same trail we came along in the morning? The peaks of the Sawback Range appear so different from another angle of view. We note the campers. Automobile camps are great institutions in Canada, for surely the policy is to pack thy tent in an old Ford car "and be off to woods and scenery new." There's a jolly party of girls with their camping gear. No men folk to look after them. For weeks they will tour on and on until money and time of year bid them to go home. There's a group of teachers from schools all over the United States and Canada. They are spending their vacation months in travel and thus widening their knowledge, and developing their abilities to impart that knowledge to the younger generations. One of these from Kentucky is in our motor party. How quickly information as regards oneself is imparted. A citizen will tell you to a dollar what his home cost him. Compare this with an English farmer's policy as regards the price he made on last month's draft of Cheddar cheese. There's a freedom and frankness over there, whether it be as regards that bejewelled widow who is evidently not averse to retying the matrimonial knot again, or of the business man who has not made good at one job, but is not sufficiently downhearted not to make another



LAKE O'HARA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA.

attempt in a different direction. The electric lights are twinkling in Banff as we return. There is a solemnity of grandeur in the gleam of mountains. Dinner, a Bell Hop comes, "A gentleman has been looking for you, sir. He is in the smoking room."

The strains of the orchestra float out on to the verandah, and an immaculately dressed gentleman comes across to me, "Mr. Walker, I believe. I am Long Lance, representing various newspapers, and should like your views concerning 'The Rockies.' Would he join me with a bottle of beer? An English journalist's screw won't run to whisky on the other side. "Certainly." And we sat down, admired the scenery in the moonlight, and talked of art, literature, journalism, agriculture, and even science. He had evidently travelled. Knew New York, some London, and a good deal of the trenches. He had evidently been one of the boys. He was a contributor to American magazines, and he was making a study of the history and customs of the various tribes of Indians and the problems of the White Indians, and the pale skinned Esquimeaux were simply fascinating subjects of talk. He knew of Scandinavian history and mythology. The evening was drawing on when he suddenly turned to me and observed "You are looking hard at me. Can you tell to what nationality I belong?" Stature, Scotch, conversation American-Canadian, with much better English. He laughed heartily at this as he remarked "I am a full-blooded Blood Indian. I am Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance of the Blood tribe of Indians." Had the heavens opened I could not have had a greater surprise. "Come along to my room and I will give you a portrait." I went, and found his room a veritable

literary den. He gave me a reprint from 'The Archaeological Report, 1923,' which contained one of his articles "When the Crees Moved West." I am going to quote a little from it. "Early French spelling has resulted in several Indian words being universally mispronounced by the English-speaking world. Having no 'k' the French have to spell 'kin' with 'q-u-i-n.' Therefore to-day Algonkin is pronounced in English 'Algonquin,' which is wrong. Likewise, the word Assinboine is all right when pronounced in French—'Assinibwan'—but wrong when pronounced according to the English valuation of 'b-o-i-n-e.' Assini means stone; bwan means people. I do not know how the white man came to substitute 'b' for 'p' in the Indian word Athapased." Would one of our Oxford Dons give a more lucid description on such an intricate subject? I picked up an American magazine in which I saw an editorial description of Chief Long Lance. As I was pencilling it out, he said, "Pardon me. If you will read it I will typewrite it." And he did so right away as follows:—

"Chief Long Lance is about 30 years of age, a graduate of Carlisle, and an officer with a distinguished war record. He is a full-blooded Indian, a chief of the Blood tribe of Alberta. He was born in the North West, and in his early days, while attending an Indian boarding school, he observed the way of the white man, and thought he would like to become civilised. So he went to Carlisle and graduated with honour in the class of 1912. He won distinction there as an all round athlete. After completing his studies at Carlisle he attended Conway Hall, Dickinson College, for one year, where he received a scholarship to a post-graduate course

at St. John's Military Academy, Manlius, New York. He graduated with honours from that institution in 1915, and was then appointed to West Point by President Wilson, but relinquished this opportunity to enter the war. He enlisted as a private in the Canadian Army in 1916, was wounded twice, decorated, and commissioned, and concluded his Army career in 1919 as a captain. Following his discharge from the Army he entered the field of journalism, and is a well known contributor to the principal West Canadian papers. During the last two years he has been travelling over the North-West and the Far North, gathering material for a history of the Indians of that vast territory. In answering a question concerning his early life, Chief Long Lance tells me : ' My younger days were spent much the same as any other Indian kid's. I went to Carlisle with my hair long and wearing a buckskin shirt under my coat. I left there a trim young fellow. Carlisle solely is responsible for everything I have made myself, such as that is. The sympathetic treatment of the instructors early instilled into me a liking for the white man. Those big-hearted people, men and women, who spent most of their lives in Indian work, accomplished wonderful things."

Now, if this was not a real surprise for one, tell me. But at the same time I recognise how the wonderful educational facilities on the other side are being taken advantage of by all. We are too apt to consider in England that we are the only ones doing such a thing. The sooner we recognise that this " is a most damnable mistake " (that's pretty emphatic, but 'tis true), the better for the lot of us. Truly, that night at Banff my eyes were opened as never before.

Another day in Banff. Things might have been worse. That warm swimming pond was not so bad, and then I might take a stroll and listen to the murmur of the river, inhale a little more of that life-giving but heart-thumping air, might even go and have a look at the campers, and, above all, the government fish hatchery. Where do artists get their designs from? Why, Nature, of course. As I walked along beside the stream I noticed a bed of round boulders on which water weeds were growing. Here Nature had anticipated to the minutest detail the feminine fashion of bobbed hair, and this made me think why all the dark-haired girls in Canada had bobbed their heads and most of the fair ones had kept their hair on. I asked a Canadian journalist the reason, and he replied "Done in."



## CHAPTER XVI.

HOLIDAY HOTEL LIFE. A NEW TRAIL IN OLD FORESTS. VIEW POINTS. ROAD ENGINEERING. WINDERMERE CAMP. TRAIL RIDERS. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON.

The Canadian Government has evidently more intuition than our home one concerning the future of its fish streams, both as regards sport and food supplies. I walked into the fish hatchery (all visitors to Banff are welcome) and admired scores of thousands of young trout that are growing visibly larger in the troughs of running water. The trout included Rainbow, Brown, Cutthroat, Lake Superior, and Loch Levin, and it shows the strength of its Scotch constitution that it far and away surpasses any of the others for tenacity of life in transit, the Lake Superior variety being the first to go under. Upwards of two millions of these troutlings are turned into the streams at the foothills of the Rockies annually to provide sport and food. How our English streams could be developed if similar measures were adopted over here. There's a neat little Zoological Garden at Banff, in which the animals are likely to die of old age, and where it is "Verboten" to feed them—pea nuts and chewing-gum have been found to give them indigestion.

I did not think that there were so many horsewomen in the world, and the fair American considers it chic to use her riding-habit as a walking costume on all possible occasions. There is

very little side-saddle riding. It is evening, and the lights gleam. There's to be a dance in the ballroom. It is simply wonderful how the Americans are fond of dancing, from the youngest to those whose thatch has grown grey with the ladies, and disappeared altogether as regards the men. They dance to non-haunting melodies, not one in a hundred being able to hum the strains to which they danced but five minutes previously. As a student of the human race, I could but note the other influences at work. There was the young graduate from Havard dancing with a tall, pretty Canadian girl. Is it due to the climate, the superiority of their dentists, or what, that the Canadian girls have such lovely teeth? Is it biting pea nuts or chewing gum? But their "boxes of dominoes" are superior to the English article, and this leads me on to notice the absence of the English in the ballroom. The English have not now the wherewithal to visit such, whereas those from the U.S.A. have, and thereby they are carrying on that peaceful penetration of Canada which may at some time end in the mixing of the political as well as the social ideas of the peoples in these vast lands. We meet and chat and meet again, but it is a moving crowd that does not tend to those prolonged friendships as aboard ship.

It was morning. The wisps of mist were dispersing as the car came round, and we began to look about as to who were to be our companions for the day. A gentleman who had run the Panama Exhibition, a lady from New York, another from California, and another who had laid in a sufficiency of candies to stock an average sized English sweet shop, and then we were to be away. Our chauffeur wore an eye shield, the Canadian work shirt and breeches, and such thin shoes.

They don't believe in heavy-weight foot hamper in Canada. We were to lunch on the way, and see the sights of course. Somehow, it was with feelings of regret that we looked up at the Fairholme Range that constitute the standard seats of Nature's amphitheatre at Banff. Tunnel Mountain, Sulphur Mountain, Goat Mountain. I had learnt their names by now, and I was to say good-bye to such sublime sights and once again take up the quest of agriculture. We were off, but the driver soon stopped. We must see Johnson's Canyon. Now, it is all very well to go up steep slopes with smooth leather soles to one's boots, but to come down with a ten feet wide rift, in the rock and an 100 feet sheer drop into a seething cauldron of waters below as a stop block is another matter. Well, it was interesting, certainly interesting. These canyons are wonderful. The glacier-fed mountain streams are at certain periods of the year when the snow melts converted into torrents, and then coming down on the limestone rocks have eaten their way into the rock's vitals. There's the trunk of a water-polished pine trembling on the edge of a preliminary waterfall that with a little more push from behind will take the plunge down it, to be further battered and torn. How it shivers and seemingly hesitates to take that plunge into the cold white waters. The old Indian tales are realities. Back to our car. On the superb new road the car could make better pace, but though the chafeurs have not a licence to take out, they have a wonderful respect for the "Speed Kop" on his red motor bike. Storm Mountain has been lost. Mount Mitchell, with its glacier, and the mountains of the Divide. The timber-strewn creek. What would our English town wood-choppers give to have access to what is here

unwanted material? The car draws up to a log hut type of building. We have done many miles and reached Marble Canyon. Whilst we go to have a look at it luncheon will be prepared for us. Another deep torrent bed torn in the rocks, the marble sides beautifully polished by the fret of the waters that have swirled along never to return. There are no warning boards to keep us from evidently dangerous spots if we venture on them to note an additional piece of detail. Why, we are "At Owner's Risk."

Lunch over, we are once more on the new trail blazed through the woods. The timber is bolder, higher. The big trees that have been felled to allow of the trail being made will seemingly remain there until they mellow and finally become the groundwork for future vegetation. As far as eye can reach, one little pathway of light in those towering woods. Just as we weary of them, we come out into a valley with the Rockies on each side. We climb up into the mountains. The car goes round bends that are a bit more than hair-pins, for they are veritable hair-curlers. The near wheel of the car sometimes appears to be spinning round in space ere the other part of the car can bend round sufficiently to place it on terra "traila" again. We have serious doubts as to "firma." That the outer side of the trail is somewhat higher than the inner on these bends certainly assists one's mentality a bit. But even this is no relief when a car comes rushing towards one, apparently head-on to mutual destruction, until one suddenly remembers that the rule is to keep to the right. The sun has been shining right on the candies, when they are suddenly remembered. The driver, in response to a greeting, "Here's a nice morning," replied "Certainly is." There are

notices. "View Point," a tablet of enamel plate affixed to a piece of galvanised water pipe, absolutely the limit of utilitarian application, and if we stop the car and obey the directions it's to behold such natural beauty as we never believed existed. Beneath our feet a sheer straight descent, as from the top of Cheddar Cliffs, rushes a mountain stream, tearing and seething its way over a storm-thrown tree trunk and ice and water-worn boulders, and then right up from the stream bed rises the steep sides of a mountain, whose head is lost in the clouds. We note where springs issue and become streamlets and then turn into hissing serpents, all twisting and turning down the sides. View Point indeed! There are fire scarred areas. Now for engineering. Hitherto the trail has taken us through primeval forests and by little niches cut in the mountain side. We now come to where Radio springs are issuing out of the earth, and the trail has been blasted out of the Rocky walls of a canyon itself. As we look over the side of our car the wheel is within a few inches of the edge, and down, ah down, are those swirling waters. The mildness of those Wembley sensations as compared with these. Is it a wonder that we stop and take a little orangeade for our somewhat fevered lips? There's more hair raisers on this scenic roadway. It is now cut through soil of softer texture, and the trail is deep in dust. Should that car skid or the driver just fail . . . . Down alongside a tree is a smashed car, indicative of what has happened. A car is drawn up on a comparatively level bit, and it is only too evident that the lady who is driving has a sufficiency of a scenic roadway for a bit. On our car goes. It passes an Indian Reservation. It did look a wee bit incongruous to see a squaw in blanket on

one side of the doorway and a modern two-horse mowing machine on the other.

I had determined to put up, if possible, at one of those growing institutions in Canadian holiday life—a camp. It seems a little far-fetched to think of Canadians going into camp for a holiday and not to the seaside, but when it is remembered that with many a journey of considerably over a thousand miles has to be undertaken to reach the sea, it is apt to change ideas. I had come up here to see Harry Peters's home, which I had planned for him a dozen years before. It was evening. A neat little collection of log huts, each with electric light and sleeping accommodation. Near by was Lake Windermere, whose placid bosom fairly invited one for a swim. The lady superintendent, Mrs. Jackson, soon had me located, but it meant a climb of just a few short of a hundred steps before we could secure our evening meal. This natural lift was reputed to be an excellent appetiser for breakfast. A pretty dining-room fire-place, architecture has been brought to the highest state of perfection in Western Canada. Which was most attractive, that excellent meal with one's appetite invigorated by mountain air, or to admire the intricacies of the detail of the fireplace, the sparkle of the crystals of galena—in contrast to the white of the quartzite and the particoloured granites?

We had finished the meal, but the breastwork that contained the fireplace still excited our admiration. A learned man from the South who was going to build a home on his return, got his camera and gave several time exposures to assist his memory. Now that bungalows are being built in England, I would that our architects introduced these breasts instead of those of

mere painted brickwork, or covered up with plaster. Canada is undoubtedly far ahead of us as regards this.

The sun was sinking, a blaze of golden glory ; there were boats on the lake, the trail riders were coming in whilst others were preparing for a hill climb by moon light. Those of us who had journeyed far that day preferred to take life more easily lolling on the cushions in those easy chairs on the verandah. We were all content, but one. Whatever induced those mosquitos to leave all of us and make a bee line for the legs of a lady ? Was it the flesh like hue of those silken hose, or that she was particularly sweet ? But those mosquitos came up in veritable battalions, and finally she had to relinquish the unequal contest and beat a retreat, followed by the hosts of her tormentors. The sun sank to rest ; the trail riders were mounted and off, led by their guide. Then, as the shades of night closed in preparatory to the rise of the moon, camp life began. Someone played a few airs on the piano ; then came an up to date song. Out of the darkness the twangs of the guitar ; a mandoline tinkled. Goodness only knows how those negro melodies came in with banjo accompaniment. Those who could not play had to sing the melodies of many lands. Scraps of olden English favourites—" Over the Garden Wall," " Ta ra ra Boom-de-Ay." I heard Lottie Collins sing it at the Palace in London, and now here it was floating out on that night air.

What is the favourite English song ? It's wonderful how the Canadian knows " I be up vrum Zummerzett." And so in that delightful air we just sat and sang until it was time to descend those something short of a hundred steps and discover lights out, else some would not retire but sit the night out to see the sun rise over those

mountains. Truly holiday life is pleasant in Canada, even if we have to go to camp for it.

It was a delightful sunrise ; the early splash in the lake with the waters suffused with traces of roseate or mass effect of golden glory. Here and there a wisp of muslin-like curtains on the mountains. I then began to realise how those trail riders enjoyed themselves, and was I not right at the bungalow home of John Murray Gibbon, the honorary secretary " of the Order of Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies ? " The Indians had ridden, or rather formed those trails ; hunters and prospectors had passed along, doing much, saying little. The early settlers believed in something more than mere scenery for the maintenance of life. After these came the scenic admiration party to impart on its return what it had seen to other would-be parties. But the trails of the Rockies are such that 'tis not well to climb or pass along them alone, unless experience has been truly gained.

Now behind all this trail riding there is a business proposition that we are apt to forget in England ; that is, the encouragement of light horse breeding. It is impossible to take a motor where these sure-footed horses climb with absolute safety. There is, therefore, a national reserve of highly-trained horses that would be available should war claim them once more. Only those who have been on a trail ride can comprehend the delights thereof. The apparently inaccessible cliffs open out unexpectedly into Alpine meadows carpeted with a perfect luxuriance of flowers, even at this late period of the year. There are surprises at each turn ; such views that are opened out ! And then, perchance, we came upon a little Indian grave cared for, ay, cared for. The outlining pebbles



are kept in position. Wild life is around us. The horse does not need bridle rein ; it knows its way. It twists round the boulder, it carefully paws the drift of treacherous snow, and it is not to be caught in that bog. And then, above all, the life-giving air of the mountains ; it fills us with " Pep," as the Americans say, and all through the Canadian Rockies this trail riding is going on and extending, and there is much to commend it from every point of view.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOW WINDERMERE WAS REACHED TWELVE YEARS BEFORE. HARRY PETERS' HOME. A FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT.

Twelve years ago I had had the most sensational ride of my life when I and Marshall Flower, that well-known United States writer, had come up from Golden in a motor-car, the near fore wheel of which had been deprived of its rubber and was veritably running on the canvas, while on the back tyre was a blister as big as one's fist. The trail was new; some part no trail at all. The railway had only reached to Spillamachine, and when we arrived at Invermere there was only accommodation available at the Sign of the Star. However, one Mr. Randolph Bruce put his bungalow at our disposal, and his Chinese cook saw that we were not hungry. Next morning, Flowers went off up to Horse-Thief Creek and elsewhere to see the Hoodooes, whilst I and Mr. Gibbon went away down on those arid benches beside the Columbia River. Here, amidst the most beautiful scenery imaginable, he desired to found a home. But what was there beyond scenery on that pasty, hard-baked soil of glacial origin? The conifers were not crowded, but set out as though in an English park, each a specimen tree. What was to bring fertility to this soil? Back up in the side of the mountains a ditch had been dug, and along this rippled a stream of water.

"I mean to build a bungalow here. I only wish that I knew a young fellow who would take on and

manage this land for me. There's a fortune in it if he does. But he must work, and then when he has gained experience he will away on his own. They all do."

Away down on another holding we saw a man putting up a shack. He was a German. "That man," says Gibbon, "will make good, but I should like an Englishman. Find him?"

And I thought and thought of these hundred and odd miles up from everywhere, of his coming to an unknown soil growing absolutely nothing but a few scattered trees, and that rill of water trickling away up on the mountain side. I thought deeply but said little until I had a further look round, and then I found that others were making veritable oases in that moraine desert. And that there were three items essential to success—work, water, and brains.

"Well, Mr. Gibbon, I will try."

When I returned to Somerset I found a young couple, whose hearts were beating as one, and desirous of finding a cosy home to settle down in. They were both of that good old Zummerzset varming stock that, once their minds are made up, do not turn back.

"Why wait in England for a home? Let us try the other side. If we don't like it, why we can but come back. And we can perhaps put our money to better use over there than home here."

So the wedding ring was purchased, and Harry Peters and his bride bade Chew Magna adieu, and were soon aboard ship. I knew that, unlike so many others, they were going out to someone who would take care of them and advise them. Like all when they arrive in Canada, they wrote to all and sundry frequently. Then those letters became fewer and fewer, with

lengthening periods between each. Years rolled on, and then I heard that Harry Peters, his wife, and his family had come back to England. At a ploughing match up on Felton Hill I met Harry.

"What, back old man?"

"Yes, I thought we would come home for a holiday. I got hold of a good man to take charge whilst I was away."

Then I had heard that he had gone back. Now I had made up my mind to go and see Harry.

"Mrs. Jackson, how can I get to Harry Peters at Athlmere?"

"Goodness, he was here about half an hour ago with some things for the camp. Will ring him up . . . ."

"He is coming in for you in a few minutes." A motor soon drew up at the door, and it was "jump in," and we were away.

How old memories came back amidst new ideas.

"Where's the racecourse they were making, Harry?"

"Oh, the creek turned aside and washed it out."

Quite good roads, and it was wonderful how he gave that twist to the steering-wheel as we swung around the ends of those benches. Quite a nice little town had grown up with stores of all kinds. But we stayed not.

Soon I was at the farm. Could it possibly be the same spot that I had previously seen? A well-built house, and round the door a group of that real Canadian stock which is the delight of every settler to rear.

Firstly, news of the old country; then I would away out.

"Harry, don't be late for meal." It was a Canadian graft on an oldentime experience.

"Yes, missus, as we do zay at whoame. We be back presently."

But in Canada lack of punctuality means no meal. Those Canadian wives certainly do know how to keep their men folks up to the mark. There's no hanging around the house for meals.

Away out to have a look at the farm buildings. A nice barn, with concrete floors, and the evidence of milk records being kept. A fine Holstein bull, which, of course, is of the same breed as a British Friesian; and such a nice herd of cows that were being brought in from the pasturage. And meanwhile the barn was being filled up with delightfully-harvested alfalfa hay, secured apparently without a leaf having dropped off it. Here was the winter provender. We walked into the fields. It was incredible what crops of alfalfa, which we know as lucerne, were being grown. But where the water trickled not, the alfalfa grew not. And my word! It takes work and brains to run an irrigation farm. It has to be worked to levels so that the water can seep through. If it was allowed to flow through it would soon wash the surface soil away. There are sinkaways where the soil is so porous and absorbent that the water sinks in to reappear as a spring somewhere else. The small boulders and rocks had been gathered up and put into heaps. When the winter came they would be loaded on a sleigh and drawn into the yards.

A field set out as an orchard! The "Wealthy" and "White transparent" trees were laden ready to breaking: Between the apple trees were rows of red and black currants, which act as snow holders during the winter months. They love to store up the snow in Canada.

More of Harry Peters's farm! The silage crops. There was a fine piece of maize receiving its final dose

of water. If a flume leaks it causes harm, and so the flow has to be regulated. How clean maize keeps the land! There was a big crop of sunflowers quite ten feet high and just showing for bloom. As soon as they fully expand the bloom they are ready for cutting and conversion into silage. The amount of winter food from such a crop can readily be imagined. Last year, Harry told me, the sunflowers averaged 14 feet in height. The pull of such a crop on the land must be enormous. Both the sunflower and the maize are chaffed green and put into a pit silo. The mangolds were not good; a lot of the seed had failed to germinate, and therefore the crop was patchy. But there was something that was good, and that was the potatoes. I have seen good crops in Scotland, level even; but never have I seen such an even lot as these as to haulm. And when the soil was worked aside the tubers were there. It is said that the produce of the Columbia Valley as regards potatoes practically sweeps the prize lists, and I can well believe it.

"Come and look at our house," says Harry. "I have just done it up."

"But I have been there already."

"Not this one."

And then I learnt that the home of that German settler a dozen years before was now Harry's, and he had a tenant in.

Back up across the farm. There's one form of vegetation that evidently has a grudge against Harry, that is the indigenous conifers. They cannot live by reason of his keeping them with wet feet. It's against their very nature to endure it, and they don't. A big gopher bank had been utilised. These pests had been trapped; they may be best described as a prairie rat.

In the bank a chamber had been driven for the winter storage of the roots grown on the farm.

I had yet to see another form of enterprise. Most of us can remember that neat and well-kept garden at Bridge Farm, Chew Magna, where Harry learnt that a spade was a spade and that its use is a fine preparation for other good things to follow. Here was a garden with vegetables in it. There was the inevitable Canadian dwarf or waxpod bean. But had not Harry sent to Sutton's for some of their scarlet runners, despite everyone's advice that they would not grow? Here they were, between eight and ten feet high, and carrying such a splendid crop. And had he not also, obtained some of Bill's yard longers with which he intended to make other horticulturists out British Columbia way sit up? 'Tis strange, but it seems to be an inheritance amongst those Western Canadians to have a hankering back after something or other in the old country. Harry picked up a leaf, and forthwith swung off on a scientific crackjawer in Latin nomenclature. I don't think Father Stampe taught Latin in Chew Magna school, but Harry had got it right enough.

"Where did you get hold of that one, Harry?" I inquired meekly. "That baint Zummersett, you know."

"What do you do with the milk?"

"Oh, we send the cream to the creamery. Come along and see it at Invermere."

We drove along and came to a most palatial set of buildings, which I learnt had cost some 18,000 dollars to erect. There were big ideas amongst the starters of the movement. They were going to supply the town with electricity and do a lot of other things which, of

course, didn't come off, and, as usual, the agricultural side was called upon to carry the burden. Such overhead charges as were bound to follow the big outlay, and the somewhat limited field to draw upon for supplies, would have proved unworkable in many instances; but it was enabled to be carried on by the really superb butter that was being produced from the mixed creams that were sent in and the manufacture of ice-cream. Still, with its intolerable burden that Co-operative Dairy is providing an outlet for the produce of those mixed farms which would not otherwise find a market. Thus, the butter milk is sent to the Government experimental farm, where it is utilised in feeding chickens, and eggs are collected and sold. The average yield of butter fat in the cream is 33 per cent. Payment is made on quality monthly. The creams are graded, as No. 1 clean, No. 2 very sour, but no bad flavours. Any No. 3 grade goes back home, with the invariable result that very little of this arrives on the scene. Fancy farmers, being directors, making such a scheme pay with only 33 suppliers! But then, somebody has to work.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EXPERIMENTAL FARMING. DOWN THE COLUMBIA VALLEY. GOLDEN. THE SELKIRKS. SICAMOUS JUNCTION. OKANAGAN LAKE. THE SCOTSMAN AND THE JEW.

I could not leave this high mountainous region, where seemingly everything depended on water supplies, without having a look at the Experimental Station at Invermere. I was very fortunate in finding the Superintendent (Mr. R. G. Newton) at home. Soon he was out with me, showing me all the experiments that he possibly could. Firstly, we had a glance at the live stock. There was a good Clydesdale stallion, and a pure bred Shorthorn bull, and some Ayrshire cows. But the station is designed more for the crops of cultivation by means of irrigation. Perhaps the most striking object lesson were the plots of potatoes; here was ample evidence of the same variety being known by different names. There were others that had been tested out and found wanting. Before the potatoes were planted they were treated with corrosive sublimate, which was stated to be preferable to formalin, as it helps to combat rhiz-oc-tonia. It was used in the proportion of one ounce of corrosive sublimate to 30 gallons of water, immersing the potatoes for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. A cement tank had been constructed for treating potatoes and grain, the inside dimensions being: Length, 72 inches; depth,  $30\frac{1}{2}$  inches; width, 36 inches. This meant that each inch in depth was equal to eight gallons of liquid content.

The testing out of seed from various localities indicated the same results as at home. Seed tubers from crops grown in the warmer regions of the coasts did not turn out anything like the good results obtained from tubers grown at higher altitudes. This will give the Windermere district an immense pull in the potato cropping of Western Canada. What surprised me was the freedom of all the potatoes from disease.

Another big item in the experiments is the testing out of edible varieties of peas. Here some excellent work is being done in crossing, and some very fine varieties being disclosed. There was one exceptional cropper that will have to be abandoned solely because of the fact that it burst its skin. Some of our much belauded home varieties of peas have come down rather badly in these tests. I could have spent a day at this experimental station in high altitude. There was one item that I shall never forget—that was the immense cropping powers of the currant bushes. I never saw anything like it before, when I lifted a small branch it was as though a swarm of bees had been clustered around it, the fruit was so thick. The value of these farms is shown by the manner in which the local farmers make use of them. They drop in on the staff at all hours and are welcomed, and soon science is assimilated by practice. Before I left the farm I had a look at the immense crops of field peas being raised by means of irrigation, and I should consider that pea growing might well be extended to this part of Canada.

Back to the camp to work out the problem. Should I go on through the Kootenay district by way of Nelson as I did before, or catch that early morning train for Golden and thus cover the ground by rail that I did

by motor twelve years before? Trains now run twice a week each way. It happened to be the morning for the train, and so in a whirl of dust I was whisked off in the car to Invermere Station. The C.P.R. in Canada maintains the G.W.R. reputation for starting punctually, and fancy, if I had missed that train having to wait three days for the next! What exercise I could get in plodding up and down that platform to vary the monotony of the wait. Anyway, I caught it. Surely it was strange to see those small empty cream tins being loaded in instead of the big 17 gallon milk churns as in England. I had as travel companion one of those inscrutable Chinese; he was attired in an English-made suit of Harris tweed and wearing a Canadian hat. John was not in talkative mood—they rarely are—and so I looked out and admired the view down by the Columbia river and the weird cloud effects as I looked through them to the mountains towering behind. The train ran right through the lake that I had skirted before; farms with plenty of cattle that evidently could find ample living amidst the woods and scrub. Schoolgirls came in with their satchels, and even hockey sticks as in England. The station agent, like Rip Van Winkle, awakened from his three-day nap, hustled about, and, of course, when the train went out settled down to another three days event or adopted some other means for killing the time. And so on down the line to Golden. Arrived there—should I go back at once to Field and the Emerald Lake or take it on my return journey?

Golden is an interesting town—providing one has not to stay too long in it—as it commands the outlets of the products of the Windermere Valley, and also of various mining and lumber interests. Here I got out of the

cold, bare Rockies, and the more genial Selkirks begin. There are big mountains amongst these. Edelweiss, the home of the Swiss guides, with their little chalets upon the mountains, is passed, and surely, was it not some wandering Scot that named that foaming river beneath as the Blaeberry River? The train is high up now; our lungs are on the expanding principle to deal with the rarefied air. Fancy being over 2,500 feet up, and in a train! There is river scenery galore. The darkness of the tunnels, and the train emerges at Glacier. Here is one of Nature's cold storages. Why not stop at the Glacier Hotel, and have a climb into the Illecillewaet Glacier; it would certainly be a change after that five miles run through the Connaught Tunnel? How interesting to see the one-time wild bears now come right down to the hotel and indulge in frolicsome antics for tit bits of food! Those national reserves are really wonderful in bringing out the bettermost instincts in wild life; and these wild animals will trust man when in friendly mood! That ice makes the neighbourhood chilly, and fires are welcome. Back to the line again. We are certainly on the downgrade, and the brakes take on duty and give the engine more comfort to take a breather as it stops to allow the passengers to alight and gaze down into the fine rock gorge of the Albert Canyon, which is almost 150 feet—not very deep as some canyons go, but still, a drop into the raging torrent would be sufficient to convert one into a pulp without outside mechanical help. It's very thoughtful of those railway authorities to give us five minutes free show of Nature ere they tell us to be all aboard for our next destination. And we think should just a bit of the rock give way—but it does not; and the hard, cold glacial stream rushes

on to join the sediment carrying Columbia River. These Selkirks have an impressiveness all their own, as gradually the train works down to Revelstoke, set amidst the mountains, some of which are bare, others clothed in richest verdure. Here the hunter who has time and skill may obtain many fine trophies. The chalet on the station platform is a standing advertisement to the moving crowds of passengers of the mining and other industries of Revelstoke. On again through Craigellachie, where the last spike joining up the East and West rails was driven in 1885. I can remember reading about it in our English papers at that time, little thinking that I should behold the actual spot. At eventide the train runs into Sicamous Junction, and I prepare to stay over the night beside the Shuswap Lake.

The hotel had grown since I was there twelve years ago, but it was just as comfortable. There was a gentle swish of lake waters on the small beach close to the foundations. The evening meal disposed of, it was not long before a party was made up for a moonlight trip by motor-launch on the lake. The contrasts of the shadows of the hills gradually merging into the genuine darkness, no lighthouses on the various capes, and rocks jutting out into the lake. Somehow the gradual increase of human visitors had resulted in a diminution of the number of ducks on the lake. A glorious Saturday morning, the clanging of the bell on the engine, and soon I was aboard for Vernon. There was nothing overmuch to interest one on the way down. I had made up my mind to pay another visit to the famous Coldstream Ranch with its 13,000 acres of fruit lands, of which 2,000 acres are irrigated, but I thought that it would be far more preferable to go

amongst the smaller growers to learn how they worked out the means of getting their fruit on the English markets than one huge concern.

At Armstrong is a large central creamery that practically handles the whole of the cream produced in that district. The train was in none too great a hurry to depart from the station, so I got off and learnt that around this spot some of the finest celery in Canada was produced, and I never saw celery packed and put up in such attractive form for market elsewhere. The stems were well grown, carefully graded, and so packed in small crates to occupy only the smallest space area in a car. Subsequently I found this celery was of very fine flavour. At Vernon are the headquarters of the Co operative Marketing Association, that controls 75 per cent. of the fruit trade of British Columbia. The train reversed itself on a kind of Y loop, and we were backed into Okanagan Landing, where we soon embarked on an exceptionally well appointed lake steamer. Before casting off I was enabled to see ship, or rather scow building operations beside the lake. On these scows huge freight cars are taken to and fro between the various landing-stages beside the lake; thus the handling of fruit and other goods is reduced to a minimum. Up on the boat-deck exceptionally fine views were to be obtained of both sides of the lake; by means of glasses the fruit on the trees could be seen growing on the big steps or benches rising tier on tier beside the lake. Twelve years ago these trees were small; now they had verily grown big.

I was in for a six hours' steam through one of the most famous fruit growing districts of Canada. For some reason there was a deficiency in the snowfall of the previous winter and this meant less stores of water,

and in consequence many of the orchards were badly in need of water. I noticed a Japanese couple; the Mrs. was most elegantly dressed in European style, and thereby I learnt that the Japanese are securing some of the finest fruit growing lands beside the lake. Those Canadian ladies will be busy even whilst they are travelling. About half way down the lake a sudden squall caused the steamer to roll a wee bit, and away went a pair of bright steel scissors. They had hardly touched the surface of the water when there was a big swirl of a fish that had risen for the unexpected steely tit-bit. That finished the ladies' industry for the afternoon. A settler beside the lake told me he was growing at least 30 tons of tomatoes per acre in the open, and invited me to come and have a look at them. Arrived off Kelowna we were treated to an aquatic display by the young amphibians of that town. Hardly had the ropes been fixed to the landing-stage than there was a big splash in the water and these youths began diving for the nickels that were thrown to them in that clear yet deep water. Right down, down into these depths they dived after those nickels, and invariably reappeared with them in their mouths; the endurance lasted longer than the nickels. A regatta followed by a dance had been held at Kelowna a day or two before. At Ewing's Landing I thought that my old friend Benjamin Watts had got across before me, for there standing on that landing was his double, wearing the only real patriarchal beard that I saw in the whole of my trip on the other side. It was interesting to notice the various types on these landings. There were the really elegantly dressed girls, whilst the men invariably came with trodden over light boots, trousers, shirt and braces; some wore a hat, some did

not. How that boat disgorged bundles of sawn strips for making up into fruit boxes.

A few minutes more, and we were passed by a veritable freight train of eight big cars being towed up the lake. I had to see some Bristolians who were settled near Summerland, so I got off, and was fortunate to get accommodation in a lakeside hostelry like one of our old-fashioned inns at home, where mine host at once takes steps to cater for his visitors' comfort. Mr. MacCullum first fed me and then asked if I would care to motor on with his family for the usual Saturday evening dance at Penticton. The car was driven by his daughter, and she had quite a knack of stepping on the gas and getting round an angle at the same time. What would happen in the case she failed was before us in that overturned car whose sides the lake's wavelets were gently washing. A dozen years before it was only a dirt trail; now it was well metalled. The lights of the cars came flashing along behind us, and there was quite a procession of lights as we entered Penticton. I firstly had a walk through the town. I looked through a Government Office window, and I experienced such a shock that it made me fairly gasp for breath, for here was a Government official hard at work after nine o'clock of a Saturday night. He was Fruit Inspector, who had to keep his eye on fire-blight, and other pests. I went in; he was just fixing up an experimental job with a couple of fruit growers, and he enlightened me as to some of the methods of cultivation practised in that district. An increasing practice was to grow alfalfa between the fruit trees and turn it in as a manure; this was found to be very helpful to the succeeding crops. If fruit growers did not keep their plantations free from some pests they



were quarantined. That official certainly deserved publicity, and if he had not been at work on that Saturday night his fame would not have spread over so many thousands of miles of the world's surface as it is now likely to do. A glance into the shop windows ; a notice : " Ladies' necks re-trimmed, only 25 cents." What had happened to those ladies' necks ? I durst not venture in to find out. A lot of business was being done in Penticton that night. Back to the dance.

I sat down at a little table on the lawn to watch the dancers on the wooden platform, the same as they erect for the mid summer dances in Scandinavia, and in the open it was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. A Scotsman was also there. In former days they used to have a bottle of beer or a glass of whisky at these tables—but not now, because the town was dry. The Scotsman had a great worry on his mind. As soon as he learnt that I had come from England he began to inquire re the pig trade—the type of pig they were rearing there would not make bacon. From this he veered in to rattlers. I had thought there were no rattlers in Canada, but he assured me that there were amidst the rocks, but they were being rapidly killed back, though occasionally they came down around the homes in search of a mouse or two. He had been on a fishing expedition a couple of days before, and killed one with seven rattles. He was one of the pioneers in that district, and had killed these snakes frequently, and bringing the rattles home he had thrown them into a bucket. He had over 60 of these when one day a Jew came to his shack peddling clothes. He saw these rattles, and spoke of them to the Scotsman. Says the latter, " You can have them." The Jew gathered them up, took them

to Montreal, and sold them as souvenirs, thereby making 50 dollars. Though that Scotsman admits that he had made money, it needed no student of human character to discern that he would once again like to meet that Jew. Towards the midnight hour, it was time to start for West Summerland again.

## CHAPTER XIX.

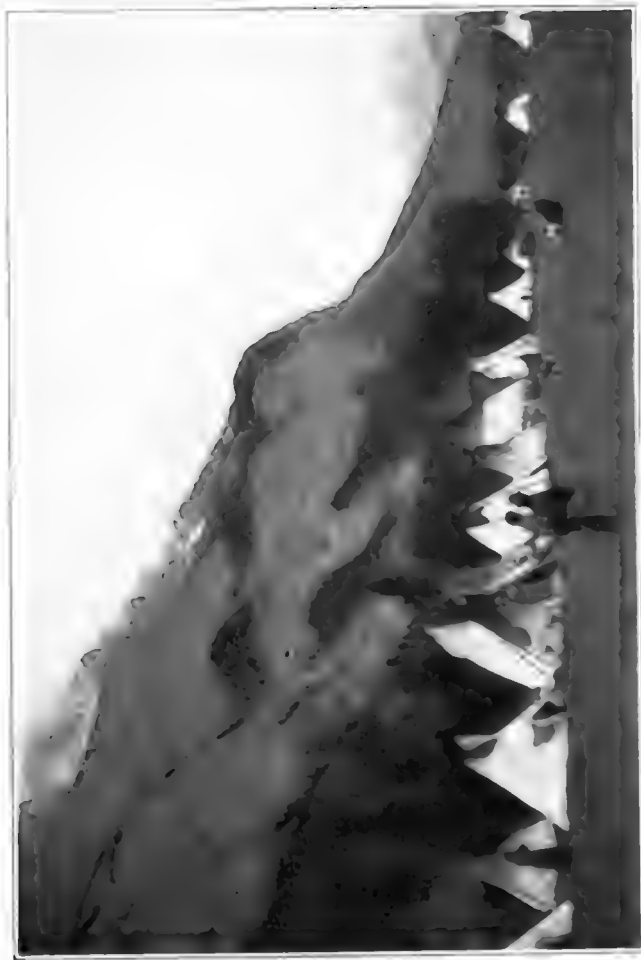
### LIFE BESIDE THE LAKE. OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW COUNTRY. MIDDLEMAN TAKES THE APPLE PROFIT.

Back we speeded. We might slip off that trail into the lake; but we did not. One of the trophies of our visit to Penticton was a huge water-melon—not one of those yaller-jaundiced sort we occasionally see in England, but a green-skinned one, with a pink, fleshy interior that the more we dived into it the better we liked it. My word! It was excellent as a cooling consoler.

Sunday morning mine host was early astir. There was hardly any accounting for the many subsidiary industries that he had in connection with his hotel. The waitress had as many changes as an artist on the variety stage, and she knew how to do all things well. The cook was a bit of a mystery. Was it a he or a she? Whichever it was, the well cooked meal was there to the minute. The lad of the hotel had a farm in Canada; he had let it for a year whilst he was travelling round to see the world, and working and paying his way as he went. He had been through the States, and here he could learn of the fruit and vegetable culture, and marketing methods of the Lake. Breakfast over, I soon learnt the cause of my going to the dance the night before. Mine host had a pretty daughter, and the light of her een had caught that moth. How he just came fluttering around her because it

was Sunday! Now, in my younger days I have made many an excuse for a bit of koortin' to the old folks, and, of course, poor simples, they swallowed 'em! But I never thought of fishing! Now, these two young folks had got pa's motor, and were going a-fishing up to a lake far up in the hills. Would I go? I began to think that it was getting a bit late in the year for gooseberries as there were some apples beside the lake, and I was not so sure of those fish as to how, where, and when they would bite, so I declined the invitation with the well-worn observation, "Two's company, three's none!" And I didn't think they would bring back any fish.

There was a most charming lady staying at the hotel. She said she desired to escape from the madding crowd, and seek a rest. She had helped the boys in Europe during the war, and, My! those pearl ear-drops and necklace were well worth the value of my old farm at home. Art, literature, science, politics—by jingo, those American ladies are educated! Then mine host said: "Would you like to come with me on 'the stage?'" I was nonplussed for a moment, until I learnt that the stage crossed on the ferry from Kelowna was brought on by motor to our hotel, the local passengers and luggage transferred with rapidity, a two-wheeled trailer hitched on to the back of mine host's motor-car, and he stepped on the gas to climb the benches, with ten minutes' lost time to make up, and two extra weighty passengers stowed inside. Twists, turns, curls, and we were quite a hundred yards from the station when the big train steamed in. What a rush! They were aboard. A picture of the car for the camera, to find that one of the gert vat 'uns had sat on it, and it had succumbed to the pressure.



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT. The decorated tents are the ones erected for the Trail Riders' Pow Wow



TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES LEAVING YOHO CAMP, CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES.

No chance to get it repaired, no more pictures, or else I would have to get them from somewhere else!

I wanted to find a Mr. Feltham, late of Redcliff Street, Bristol, who had induced a Miss Herbert, from that street also, to go and share his hopes and ambitions in Canada; they had a fruit farm, and he was instructing the young idea in some of the technical processes of practical knowledge. Summerland from the lake don't look much; but Summerland a-top the benches is really a most delightful spot. Nature has endowed it with many things, but man has had to bring in the water, and this year he had run a bit short of that all-necessary commodity, and, therefore, the orchards were suffering in consequence. Amongst the orchards were some old-fashioned, out-of-date varieties of fruit. These, I learnt, had been foisted on the early settlers by the nurserymen of those days. Of course, the trees did not fruit at once, and so it was handed on. At the same time, more knowledge was provided as regards the varieties those distant markets would take. I learnt all this from mine host, who, of course, had an interest. Then he swished round a corner into a prettily-kept and well-cultivated orcharding, and it was not long ere he came out with a big box full of Cantaloupe melons. What is there that will whack such a melon, with the sunshine in it before being put on the ice? Big purple plums, not quite ripe; the apricots and peaches had been gathered; but white transparent apples were available.

How we twisted and turned amongst those orchards in the Okanagan until we were down, beside the lake again. Dinner! A Miss at the table. She had come out from Kent on her own, and had worked her way here and was engaged as an apple grader. She had

pitched her tent near by, but had come to the hotel for a good old-fashioned square Sunday meal. I never saw such a place for learning one another's business so quickly as in Canada. In the afternoon I would write home, but I had reckoned without my host. In a few minutes it was "Someone to see you," and on the verandah was James King. Why, it must be close on 20 years ago when I shook him by the hand at Chew Magna.

"We heard you were here, so we just motored up. All the children are married. Here's Vera with my youngest grandchild. A pretty good looking one, what do you think? Here's th' missus."

Talk about a colonist's thirst for news of the old home. Questions as to some of those who have gone, more details of those that are present. The true immigrant never forgets, and he reminds the first generation of the old country. 'Tis after that that forgetfulness arrives.

His son, Willie, had gone for a holiday trip to the mountains prospecting for gold. "As for myself," says Jim, "I am taking matters easy now. It's just nice and comfortable down where we are." They had a long motor run back.

More and more motors arrived, so many in fact that mine host began to wonder who was it that he was sheltering beneath his roof. Over there they are all in telephonic communication with each other, and it spread like wildfire that a West of England man was there. After tea mine host took me up to see the experimental station. Here was a fine means of spreading knowledge. A nice room had been built with stove and water laid on. This was free to picnic parties who came to see the flowers and the gardens,



and which in turn led them on to the experiments. Thus, seemingly before they knew it, those erstwhile pleasure-seekers were assimilating intensely valuable knowledge as to irrigation principles in connection with fruit growing.

The superintendent of the Fruit Station was at home. He turned out to greet me, not as a matter of favour, but as of course. I deplored the waste of fallen apples. He said endeavours had been made to convert those apples into cider. I informed him that I had made personal acquaintance with that so called beverage and did not desire to renew it. What was he to do? Why, get some good vintage fruits from either England or France and blend with them.

Along the trails. Why, oh why, have we not introduced that wild rose bush into England. Its heavily clustered hips make it a veritable autumnal picture. Shades of evening. Back to the hotel. Hardly had I sat down than a motor stopped. The young koortin' couple had come back, and the household turned out to admire the catch of 28 trout, many of them whoppers. Some of those trout would sizzle for breakfast.

A new guest had arrived. I learnt that he was an apple-buyer, and that he desired to trade direct with the individual growers, and not through the Co-operative Society. Nothing right this Society could do. Next morning I was up early and went along to the local branch of the big Society. This had hardly started for the season, but I was soon fully versed in all the details of how the fruit was delivered, sorted, graded, and paid for, and then to my utter astonishment I learnt that those who merely traded the fruit got far and away more profit out of it than those who had grown, graded, and packed it. Why

the Okanagan growers, having gone so far by means of co-operation, don't go the whole hog and market their produce as well, passes my comprehension. I heard it stated that the trade alone takes 150,000 dollars a year out of the Okanagan for merely marketing its fruit. I could not verify these figures, but from what I saw they appeared quite possible.

Breakfast. Those trout! Oh, what a breakfast! But the train had to be caught, and I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Feltham were awaiting me on those benches. They undoubtedly were, and John Henry never had such a rating from Blossom, as I, for not paying them a visit. There was Mrs. Scott, who at over 80 years of age had crossed the Atlantic and expected to see me, and I had not come, though Lord Byng had been to see her. And had not one peach—and two apricot trees been specially held back for me? And here was I worse off than Moses, because he at least did have a view of the promised land, whereas I could not even behold, much less taste, those apricots and peaches. And I could have done with some on that long railway journey that was ahead of me. However, they both jumped into the motor and saw me just scramble into the train. Little did I realise that I was to enjoy one of the most beautiful railway trips in the world, and one which made even the Prince of Wales open his eyes.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE MOST SCENIC OF RAILWAYS. LIGHTS OF VANCOUVER. NEW IMPRESSIONS. THE VEGETABLE AND FRUIT TRADES IN ALIEN HANDS.

Penticton, at the lower end of the Okanagan Lake, is generally supposed to be the half-way house to Nelson from here by the Kettle Valley Railway, and hardly had I got on the train than I began to realise that I was in for something out of the common. I had got away from the clean orchards, the inspected peach trees, the precautions taken against fire blight ! Away the train took us up into the hills, climbing higher and higher. At last we were amongst the mountain tops ; we could see where the axe had felled many a fine tree, but fire had worked destruction with the forest growths even faster. What a shame to see such splendid timber wasted, when it was so badly needed in England. We could see the log builts of the loggers, and where they had to put in their work above the snows of winter ; the rock slides in those summits and the rocks are worn smooth by the movement of innumerable falls of snow. The train took it easy as though for us to enjoy the spectacular effects. Little did I realise that this was but a preliminary to many more. At last we were as high up as possible, and we started to drop some 4,000 feet in the course of only 37 miles, and the gradients are far from being equalised. In some places they are pretty steep, down through those tunnels and anon on the overhanging cliffs overlooking

the deep canyon of the Coquihalla River. It is said that there is good trout fishing all the way up the river to Summit, which has an elevation of some 3,300 feet above sea level. Fancy a little walk up there to catch a few fish for breakfast! And down beside that river was the trail first trod by Indian feet; then followed those of the white man, and now again that trail was sinking back into its primeval origin. The brakes were applied, and we started on a downward course of such spectacular beauty as I never imagined existed on earth. The little stations! It was easy to note that a lot of the wives were half-breeds, and how proud they were of their kiddies. Truly king baby reigns supreme throughout Canada.

A little rush, and we see the torrent hissing along so far down beneath. We sweep the undergrowth of the mountain side with our glasses; here a deer, there a bear, the scenery wilder and wilder; there's that rock run of scree leading right up to the snow wreaths above, and these in turn merging into cloud effects. The study in greens of the various kinds of vegetation. One never thought that there were so many shades of green in Dame Nature's colour box before. What a contrast to our English greys. A shaft of sunshine pierces the cloud and warms up what has hitherto been those cold, hard rocks up ever so far aloft. The young green trees are gradually covering the fire scars of the past, but still many a gaunt, branchless skeleton points the way to the sky. Who was it that gave all the stations Shakespearean names—Juliet, Lear, Othello? What would Shakespeare have written could he but have made his way where that railway now runs? Here is, truly enough, scenic effect for any drama that mind of man can invent. The stream

is now like a ring with pools of jewels ; then big tree trunks intervene, and the river is as a garland of crystal twined and twisted about those trees. Some of those mountain trees are already a blaze of red. Goodness, what must the cost of that railway have been ; it is said that it cost 75,000 dollars a mile to construct, and well can I believe it. They are now filling in the old trestle bridges with earth, and thereby converting them into embankments. The beautiful air ! There's a waterfall high up on the mountain side. Clouds playing hide and seek with the snowdrifts. The train moves on, and it's a feast of skeletons standing gaunt and grim. Was there ever such a panoramic kaleidoscopic effect for man to behold ?

The train turns round a bend ; we can see the engine and the tail of the train at once ; it has seemingly looped round on itself over a slight steel bridge 308 feet high. A little farther on the train stops for ten minutes to cool the brakes. We get out and look round. On the move ; a window has been cut in the side of a tunnel to reveal a falling cascade of water that has come from great heights. At last we come to the junction station of Hope. We must eat ; we enter the dining car ; the head waiter greets us, as well as every other one that enters, with the remark, " No chicken pie, sir." We have now slipped away from those stupendous masses of rock, those hissing torrents in dimly-lit canyons, and are in a flat, meadow like country. I again behold the lights of the town of Vancouver. It is late, but at the hotel I find a bustling, hurrying crowd—a mixture of all nations. I take the lift, go to the roof garden, and behold a blazing city of light, and hear a hum, a roar of traffic reminiscent of that associated with old-time

London ; but this city on the Pacific coast is new, and having still newer additions added to it every day. And as I retire to a well-earned rest I wonder what changes I shall see on the morrow as compared with twelve years ago.

Early next morning I was out and about to have a look at the town. How it had grown and improved ! As I strolled down Hastings Street I had a bit of a shock, for I saw a nurseryman's window filled with choice bulbs, a catalogue nearly the facsimile of one with which we are so well acquainted in Bristol, and bearing the title " Brown's bulbs." What a handsome street Hastings has become. I was in search of a Chew Stoke lad, or at least he was a lad when first I knew him. His father and grandfather were Chew Stokers, but though all the girls were setting their caps at Hornsby, he made up his mind to cross the seas with no liability. He landed in Canada, worked in Canada, and I just missed seeing him when I was over there 12 years ago. Sometimes a letter came from Hornsby ; when it did, all the village knew about it, because he had so many remembrances to make.

During the war, as I sat one evening at home, I heard a sort of olden-time familiar click of the latch on the door. When I opened it a Highlander stood in the doorway in full fighting rig. It was Hornsby ; he had joined up, been over, had met with it, and was given leave to come and see the old faces. Of course, the special cider barrel had to be pegged for Hornsby, and we talked. Then one morning the Wanderlust had sought him, and he was gone, and now six thousand miles away, I was seeking to find him again. They go to business early in Vancouver, and there he was as busy as three flies on a teaspoonful of sugar.



THE EASTERN PORTAL OF THE CONNAUGHT TUNNEL  
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



GLACIER HOUSE, CANADIAN PACIFIC



" You must come up this evening—you certainly must—so that we can talk a bit."

I should miss my breakfast if I didn't get away. The hotels put up three breakfasts ; there is the breakfast de luxe in the breakfast room, which lands one in at least for two dollars, and the waiter expects a quarter or a half, and that makes an English ten-bob note look small afore one comes out. The hotel people are very obliging ; they put up a notice which means if you cannot afford this, go to the grill, where things, though good, are reasonable. Now with a good T bone steak one can come out for just over a dollar, and a quarter will bring a genial smile on the face of the waiter, and certainty of a seat when next you come in. If one has counted over that packet of five dollar bills and noted that they are diminishing too rapidly, and that we must economise a bit, why, the coffee-room remains with everything at bedrock prices, and where the waiter expects his bit and gets it. If this does not do, there are eat shops, and beyond these shadow lunches ; the latter not very popular. Why is it that John Chinaman has secured the monopoly of the vegetable growing and marketing trade in Vancouver, and that Greeks monopolise all the corner fruit shops ? Both had a remarkable scale as regards uniformity of prices, and, by jingo, they knew how to dress their shop windows. It is strange that in London every corner house is either a public-house with bars or a coffee-house, but here in Vancouver it's a fruit shop. The consumption of fruit in Canada as a whole must be great, and as for the tramway system—it's a veritable eye-opener to those from the old country, with its system of practically uniform rates and transfers. An open space, a children's play-ground. Here's another

thing they do well in Canada, something to provide healthy amusement for the children—swings and such like, and, of course, a paddle pool. The kiddies do enjoy this, and what more charming spot than this one close down beside the shore at Stanley Park?

I am now in search of Mr. Payton, not our old friend at Temple Meads, but his son, who I find is C.P.R. stationmaster at Vancouver. It's a position of big responsibility, and this generally carries proportionates over here. Twelve years ago he took me to his home in Vancouver and showed me that fir tree stump in his garden which promised to supply him with a sufficiency of firewood for the rest of his natural life if he found sufficient time and energy to grub it out. This he then assured me was a proposition that had caused him much anxious consideration. That was twelve years ago. Now I learnt that he had changed the site of his home, and left that root proposition to be worked out by someone else, whilst he saw that the trains started punctually on time for their three thousand miles run. Why if he started them one minute late and they lost another minute at each station en route, in which week would they reach the end of their journey? New buildings everywhere. The corn traders of the town were full of Spiller talk; this old original Cardiff-Bristol firm were purchasing mills and erecting elevators and creating a good impression generally. And it was said that they were interesting themselves in the opening up of the Peace River district, where the corn growing possibilities are likely to be enormous.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE GROWTH OF VANCOUVER. STUNTING EFFECT OF WAR. A NEW ERA. LUMBER. GRAIN.

Breakfast disposed of, what was I to do in Vancouver? I could see vast changes since I was there before, but 12 years was a long time over which to hunt up comparisons. I hurried off to the Publicity Office. I thought that Mr. Davidson would have a fit when I propounded my queries. "I have been asked for nothing like that before," he said. "Well," I replied, "I have got to have it, or not a line about this city of progress which you talk so much about." That just did it. The telephone clicked here, there, and everywhere. The stenographers were busy, and many a head of Department wished me in Lake Superior, where, once in, no one comes back. Twelve years' figures. Why, even the astute publicity officer had not thought of such, and when they came through the Chief was amazed at some of them. Here are some of the facts that I obtained unglazed, unvarnished, and supported by authority:—

In the year 1912 Vancouver was at the height of a boom. The most despondent resident looked for unprecedented growth. Real estate soared to peak prices and development was apparent on every hand. People spoke in thousands of dollars when discussion of monetary matters came up, and the entire population was imbued with the idea that their city would eclipse any other one on the Pacific Coast and the whole

Dominion of Canada. It was a record year in the history of the young city, and is still referred to by residents as an example of bounding prosperity.

Inflated prices, and too great enthusiasm have sometimes a bad effect, and suddenly with the withdrawal of credit a retrograde movement took place. Before there was a chance for the optimist citizens to recover from the sudden downward trend, war brought on a further slump, and with it an attendant re-action. During the lean years of the war Vancouver, far removed from the seats of munitions, from the manufacturing plants which obtained contracts for supplies and somewhat isolated, did not make any material progress. Her contribution to the fighting strength of the army was considerable, and several of her battalions won proud records on the battle fields.

With the coming of the armistice and reconstruction a new era dawned. In place of the remaining men who had marched away from the boundaries, thousands of former service men returned and took their discharge at Vancouver. Her citizens in the army had been good publicity agents. They told of her wonderful climate, the possibilities, and future which lay before her, and as a result the Dominion Government estimate that some 25,000 ex-Service men asked that they might be discharged there. In the latter days of the war when the paucity of shipping had reached grave depths, some ship-building contracts were let in Vancouver, but with that exception industry had been more or less at a standstill from the fateful days of 1914. Sufficient manufacturing had been entered into, just to take care of the demand, but money being scarce and credit hard to obtain, no strenuous efforts had been put forth to increase the output of factories, and certainly no new

ones started. The absorption therefore of 25,000 odd men into the industrial life of the city and surrounding districts was a problem. How it was met is best shown by the following series of statistics which have been compiled comparing the years 1912 and 1924. Population given by the official census taken in 1911 shows Vancouver to have had 100,401 citizens. The latest city directory recently published, which includes the many suburbs which have grown up around the city whose inhabitants all make their living in the city proper, places the population at 247,340, which represents a growth in the 12 intervening years of some 150 per cent. In corroboration of this figure, the list of water connections as announced by the civic waterworks department is interesting.

In the year 1912 there were 16,215 water connections, while this year there are 39,165. The lighting franchise for the city and district is held by the B.C. Electric Co., and the growth of their service is also indicative, for in 1912 there were approximately 20,000 electric light meters in active operation, while this year they have been 63,000. The discrepancy between these figures may be explained by reason of the fact that only one water connection is listed against an apartment house, while each suite contains a light meter. There is corroboration of the population figures also in the statements of the telephone company, whose records show that in 1912 there were but 16,194 'phones listed in Vancouver, but to-day they have over 54,000 subscribers.

The amount of money which passes through the clearing house of the various banks is usually a good barometer, whereby to judge the financial, and therefore the prosperity aspect of any city, and it is worthy

of note that, despite huge sums which changed hands during 1912 in real estate transactions the bank clearings have increased from those figures by over 300 millions per year, and the majority of this sum is arrived at through legitimate business deals other than real estate. The Post Office revenue shows that \$428,000 was the total amount returned in 1912, while in 1923 the sum of \$1,113,275 was made, and this year the business promises to be even larger. Customs returns also show an increase from \$7,760,000 to approximately 16 millions last year, and the authorities, while reticent about making forecasts, admit that the entries in the first six months of 1924 so far exceed the record of previous years that there is bound to be a big increase in revenue from this source.

Lumbering is, of course, the chief source of the financial and industrial wealth of the province, and Vancouver, as the commercial and monetary capital feels the effect of this trade. Most of the purchasing for camps and mills is done through the offices in the city as well as the employment of the various men who handle the big Douglas fir trees.

These factors naturally make an index into the general prosperity of the lumber business as a whole, and Vancouver feels the trend of the market and the trade generally. It is interesting to note that in 1912 through the port some 25 million feet of lumber were exported, while in 1923 the amount jumped to 305,000,000 feet, and during the first six months of 1924 the rather unbelievable total of 228,435,000 feet was loaded into the holds of ships on the 40 mile waterfront of Vancouver Harbour. Obviously there must be some reason for this tremendous impetus, and it is to be found in the opening of the Panama Canal. With

the advent of the Canal and the finish of the war a new trade route was thrown open to Pacific ports, and Vancouver, as the western gateway of Canada, of course benefited. Her citizens and business men generally were not slow to see the advantages which this route offered in trade to Europe and also the coast of the Eastern United States. To them the day of the long Trans-Continental haul was finished when cargo by boat could be gotten either to or from B.C. at a rate so much cheaper as to stimulate trade to the above-mentioned figures.

While lumber played no small part in the shipments, other commodities also were moved, as will be shown by the following :—1,091,173 tons of cargo for foreign parts was shipped out in 1923, and already in 1924 in the first six months this total has been beaten by 40 per cent., when 1,420,221 tons are registered as outward bound. No statistics are available as to the exact tonnage in 1912, but some conception of the growth of the port will be seen when 144 ocean-going vessels were all that the Port Wardens' record shows for that year and 837 entered during 1923 and 545 in the first six months of this year. The most outstanding growth of shipping has been that of grain.

For many years there apparently existed some prejudice against wheat coming through the Tropics. Experts seemed to think that the heat affected the condition of the same, and were loth to try experimenting with the famous No. 1 Hard of Canada. With courage and determination a cargo was loaded at the Vancouver elevator in 1919 and shipped to Liverpool. It arrived in excellent condition, and really was the foundation of what has proved to be one of the most wonderful achievements in the history of

world transportation and commerce. This first cargo demonstrated that it was possible. That was apparently all that was necessary, for the following year shipments amounted to some 501,000 bushels, to be followed the season following by 7,000,000 and the year after that by 19,000,000 odd, while in the crop year just finished on July 31st, the rather amazing amount of 54,619,188 bushels moved through the same elevator which a few years previous had stood almost unused and unoccupied. The bulk of this grain went to the United Kingdom and the Continent, in fact over 38,000,000 bushels of the total with a majority shipped to British ports, while 14,000,000 of the remainder was conveyed to the Orient, where recently the people have been taking to the finer grains and whiter flours than heretofore. This opens up a new avenue of trade, in which Vancouver is bound to participate. There are scattered around the Pacific Ocean nearly 600,000,000 of people, or four-fifths of the world's population, who are gradually becoming more civilised. India, with her teeming millions; China, where the light of modern times is beginning to show beneath the darkness of centuries; Japan, whose progressive modernity is well known; all these people, as well as the population of South America, are becoming more and more anxious to have better living conditions and better food. These facts will open to Vancouver a shipping doorway that for potentialities has not been equalled in the annals of the modern business world. These conditions exist, they are not ephemeral, hypothetical possibilities, but actual and concrete, and advantage is rapidly being taken to meet this demand.

I have given some details regarding Vancouver, which, by Mr. Davidson's help, I extracted from



various sources. I may as well dispose of these at once, as they are the key to many of my other experiences in Vancouver.

The corollary of increased shipping naturally follows that increased facilities for loading, etc., as well as storing had to be provided. With a natural harbour, almost land-locked, where scarce a ripple is ever produced by storm, and where deep water anchorage and berthing along 38 miles of water was available, the problem was not a difficult one. Finances were, of course, necessary, but these were forthcoming when the possibilities of the future were easily visualised. Between the Dominion Government, the Canadian Pacific and private concerns, over a period of three years somewhere in the neighbourhood of 17,000,000 dollars will be spent in improvements. These include a recently-completed pier, which is the largest on the Pacific Coast and one of the most modernly-equipped in the entire world. This pier, which is one financed by the Government, is 1,200 feet in length and 300 feet wide. It has a capacity of 4,000 tons of freight, and along its top are long conveyer galleries whereby grain can be loaded into the holds of ships alongside. It is complete with moving transporters, cranes of the latest electric design, and, in fact, nothing that could be procured to promote speedy and efficient cargo handling was omitted. The Canadian Pacific is also building a new pier costing \$2,000,000, which will accommodate their ever increasing Oriental trade, while a dry dock, bridge across the harbour, four new grain elevators, and terminal railway facilities are all under way and will increase the berthing space and general efficiency of the water front to such a degree as to make Vancouver one of the most modernly equipped ports in the world.

Manufacturing has also grown in proportion to the other phases of the industrial life of Vancouver. In the year 1912 there were 302 plants, large and small, manufacturing various articles and commodities, in greater Vancouver. These plants employed about 5,500 people, and the annual pay roll approximated \$8,000,000.. To-day there are nearly 2,700 plants large and small, with employes to the number of 51,000 and a pay roll that this year will run to nearly 150 million dollars. The value of the manufactured products has enhanced from \$17,470,000 in the year first mentioned to 140 millions in 1917, and to-day government statisticians say that the year 1924 will produce commodities worth in the regular markets of the world a sum nearing 300 millions of dollars.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### VANCOUVER SELLING ITS SCENERY. HOW THE CITY GETS ITS MILK. PROSPEROUS DAIRY FARMERS.

The people of Vancouver have a new and lucrative business, that of selling their scenery. Selling scenery is an export trade de luxe, it consists of selling something which cannot be transported and which remains for re-sale without replacement, a direct contradiction of the old adage of eating and having pie at the same time. Just as Switzerland and Norway have for many years capitalised their scenic beauties, so have the citizens of Vancouver, and in the selling of these attractions have found that it pays handsome dividends.

With a wealth of natural beauty combining glorious mountain vistas, wide swept valleys, fjords the equal of anything which the Scandinavian Coast can produce, blessed by a beneficent climate, it was natural for the residents to want to allow others to enjoy these things. The advertising for tourists, started in a small way, was interfered with by the war, but during the past four years has increased by such leaps and bounds as to satisfy the most sceptical critic. The Dominion Parks Board issued a statement that during the year 1923 the Province of British Columbia had benefited by the travelling sightseers to the extent of \$6,000,000, and this year all previous records have been broken, so that it is probable that sum will be lost in the new figure to be compiled.

Some idea of the magnitude of this business, for business it is, may be gained when Government statistics obtained from the Immigration and Customs Departments show that in the month of July alone just over 100,000 persons visited Vancouver through one port of entry alone, that is over the Pacific highway, and that these people entered by motor-cars alone. In addition to this, other roads permitted travel, and the transportation services, including three lines of railway and several steamship lines, carried thousands of passengers, whose numbers it is impossible at the present time to check, but which will easily total as great an aggregate as those who came by car.

So imbued with the value of this trade are the merchants and business firms of the city, that they subscribe an annual amount which will permit a well equipped bureau to broadcast advertisements setting forth the scenic wonders, and to maintain an adequate information and tourist bureau where the visitors may be taken in hand when they arrive.

Vancouver is but an adolescent youth as cities go, scarce heard about until a few years ago and less than forty years of age, but it holds possibilities in the future which few places in the world can claim. The wealth of mine and forest fields and stream is behind her, she is the terminus for the two great trans-Continental railways, and the logical outlet for a great portion of the grain which is grown on the fertile Canadian prairies, with the possibility of Pan-Pacific trade and the ever increasing demands from the older countries of the world for food products the future of the city cannot help but be assured. The road from Vancouver to the interior is to be completed in 1926. Then there is the Pacific Highway, 1,800 miles from

Mexico to Vancouver, and 100,000 persons entered Canada over this route in July, 1924, and it is estimated that 350,000 will come during the year 1925.

Says Mr. Davidson: "Come up along to the Rotary luncheon." Now, Rotary is always writ with extra capital letters in Canada. So off we went. Members were scattered around at various tables. We speedily made friends, but as soon as food is on the table the true Canadian eats, then he talks afterwards. It would do our medical men a deal of good to go to Canada and study digestion. There is no indigestion over there, but perchance there is a touch of liver. The mallet came down, the speaker went up. The topic was "Lumberman's Woes." If the Government exactions did not cease, lumber could not be shipped, and the poor lumberman must be snuffed out. My poor mind and weaker intellect went out in sympathy to those lumbermen, for was I not an English farmer and knew what fighting against burdens meant? It was really pathetic to hear that lumberman regretting that he and his confreres could not get more out of those forests than old Dame Nature had planted for them centuries before, and which they have only to cut down and convert into material which is now so essential to make comfortable homes for those young folks whose hearts desire to beat as one in Merrie England. That Rotary went on, and I happened up against one of those educationalists who are doing so much for Canada. Dr. Klink runs the University, or rather he guides the minds of the young men that enter there, in the way they should go to make money, and it is seemingly the practice of the young men of Canada to obtain all the training that they possibly can at their own Universities and then to trot off and

turn what they have learnt into cash value in other lands. Of course, the Canadian parents and those who contributed to the upkeep of these Universities don't like it. But what have they to grumble at, for had not the University at Vancouver secured the services of that smart dairy student at Reading, whose father, Mr. James Sadler, is one of the most respected members of the Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association.

When Wilfred Sadler got to the farther end of Canada and took up his duties, commercialism had at once its eye on the budding professor. He, of course, liked the glint of dollars, but Canadian Universities have practical knowledge of the world, as well as theoretical. The University knew that commercialism had the solids whilst it had the man. Negotiations followed, and both are now benefitting by that young man's service—he whom we so thoroughly trained in England. This being so, how can Canada grumble at her sons going elsewhere? But still it is an undoubted fact that Canada's training fits her youth for educational purposes in other lands.

Dr. Klink was highly desirous that I should pay a visit to his University, but time did not permit, because I was to be taken for a drive to see Vancouver. Firstly there was the business side. Two railway stations stood on what were tidal creek waters on the occasion of my former visit. Dredgers had lifted the mud from the bottom of one of these arms and pumped it into the aforesaid creeks, and converted them into solid land, on which stations could be built and beautiful gardens laid out. I noticed when Vancouver made a road, it made it. 'Twas not a mere rubble and mud affair, but of the firmest and most tenacious concrete.

Such roads are costly to lay down, but they last. On into the residential suburbs. When I saw a specially large and beautiful house I was informed that it was either a Lumberman's, his mother's, or one of their relatives, and it was a house surrounded by a beautiful garden filled with choice flowers.

Further out we came to clearings where houses were to be built. Derricks and cranes had to be utilised to pile the logs containing hundreds of feet of timber on the pile that was to be a bonfire to encompass their destruction. It is only when clearings are in progress that the amount of timber per acre—good, bad, and indifferent—in British Columbia can be realised. Trees that have fallen scores of years ago and become overgrown with mosses are again brought back into daylight before final commitment to the flames. No wonder legislation has been framed to protect some of these primæval forests. The wonderful system of street cars or tramways. How they carry people right out into the suburbs, where each man's home is his castle. A drive back into that wondrous place, Stanley Park. Happily it has not been destroyed by the grand motor roads through it. There's a collection of Indian Totem poles, huge tree trunks carved with hieroglyphics. Could there have been any association between these Indian ancestors and those that put those quaint figures on Cleopatra's Needle? But then such suppositions are not in my line. We went down towards the shipping, saw the huge elevator that Spillers' were erecting, and so another day was spent in this wonderful city on the Pacific coast.

I have been describing a good deal of social life and scenic beauties, but occasionally I must have a lapse into the vocations that interest a farmer. When I was

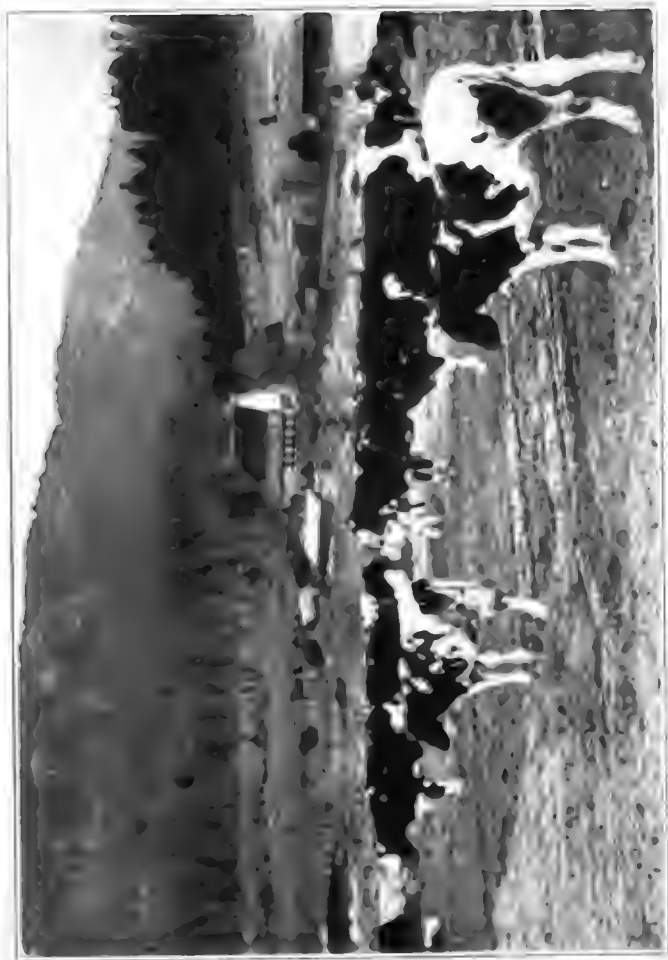
over there last time, to mention the doings of the Chilliwack farmers in Vancouver was sufficient to raise a smile; they worked against each other, undersold each other, and all to make profit for others and ruin for themselves. It is a charming valley is Chilliwack; the ideal spot for dairying, but how could the dairying be carried on without cash? That was the problem. A big milk combine came and settled in their midst, and what the combine said the farmers had to do, and what the combine paid was a fitting price the farmer had to take. There was no combination, no co-operation amongst them. The farmers in the Fraser Valley were just the same; the position of affairs was simply intolerable. Then arose a man, a Minister of Agriculture sitting as a Liberal for a Conservative constituency, and he gathered round him others, so that the year after I left Vancouver these men gathered others with them to see what could be done to make their dairying return a profit instead of a loss. Individual marketing had been tried and had brought the industry to practical ruination. They saw that the only way out was to bring in a dairy farmers' co-operative marketing organisation. Then they met with it—the public took fright lest prices should be raised. Those farmers must not be allowed such a monopoly; even some of the farmers who should have been first in became very sceptical.

The start was made in 1913, but it was really 1917 before the movement got in trim. At first it was merely a selling agency, bartering with the former customers of the farmers direct, seemingly introducing still another middleman. Then they had more milk than they could find customers for, and the question of surplus loomed large. It had to be dealt with, and





VIEW OF VANCOUVER AND BURRARD INLET-FROM ROOF GARDEN OF HOTEL VANCOUVER.



A FRIESIAN HERD, near VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLO.

it was found that cost of distribution was out of all proportion to the return that the farmer was receiving for his milk. There was no way out but to make a grab for the porcupine-quilled retail trade.

To tackle this meant more and more money. First 50,000 dollars were put up—a big scraping from the farmers' well-worn old stockings, but it had to come out. But there was a return. This caused the farmers to put back these and other savings into the capacious maw of these milk distributing requirements. Those dollars had to be added to until well over a half a million dollars are invested, every penny of which belongs to those farmers who have now in their control 80 per cent. of all the milk consumed in greater Vancouver and New Westminster. It appears impossible, a mere traveller's tale, but it is true, and yet how is it done? No man may join the association unless he is a producer of milk; he must pay fifty dollars to become a member. As time goes on and further needs arise the members only provide the funds, but no man's holding may exceed 3,000 dollars. As to the profits, all sales are pooled, expenses paid, and into the farmer's pocket goes the rest. The total wages and salaries paid in 1923 was 363,376.69 dollars. In the business are 116 horses and 70 horse-drawn vehicles and 36 motor trucks. This was the tale that I heard at that Rotary lunch in Vancouver, and I determined to go and find out something more about it before I left Vancouver.

I jumped into a car, and was not long in getting to the headquarters of the Fraser Valley Producers' Association. It was a large, roomy place, with everything kept beautifully clean and with thoroughly up-to-date equipment. The milk as brought in is cleaned,

Pasteurised, and then bottled. In fact, quite as much up-to-date as any European creamery that I have ever visited. Perhaps the best thing about it was the cleansing of the bottles and the containers, which, after being swilled and scrubbed, were subjected to high-pressure steam and then cooled. In fact, the cases were quite as clean as the bottles. It was a surprise as to what farmers could do when their hands and minds were in combination. The prices have been so stabilised by this company that milk is actually cheaper in Vancouver than any other of the Western towns, though the producing farmers have practically obtained a high percentage of the monopoly supply of the town. Whilst I was there the farmers were producing sufficient milk to supply three times the population of Greater Vancouver as well as New Westminster ; and, of course, the question of surplus loomed large, and had to be converted into cheaper products of butter and cheese and waterproof glue. I found it was not the price that they were receiving that worried these farmers, although prices were practically down to those of pre-war days, but it was the price of the commodities with which they had to carry on their business. The prices they were paying were from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. above pre-war. When I found that the total cost of handling this milk from start to finish was 10d. per gallon in such an expensive labour country as Canada, and that the milk was being retailed at 6d. a quart in Vancouver, it was quite evident that neither producer nor consumer was suffering much harm at each other's expense, and a tour up through the Chilliwack revealed as contented and prosperous a set of dairy farmers as exists on earth.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### BRISTOLIANS IN VANCOUVER. ON THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY. A SHERLOCK HOLMES' QUEST. SEA TRIP TO VICTORIA. THE EMPRESS HOTEL.

I then went to hunt up some Bristolians. The staff at the Joint Station, Bristol, had commissioned me to personally deliver to their old colleague, Payton, certain expressions of remembrance, and this took me to the cosy home of his son, W. G. Payton, in South Street, and there I found the venerable as happy and as active as a fourteen-year-old, for surely had he not tier upon tier of rabbit hutches of his own making, and were not there prize-winning skins destined to adorn many a lady and add to her comfort. My veteran friend had recollections of his younger days at Dundry and elsewhere. To while away his extra time—no one is idle in Canada—he had a garden as spick and span as anyone could desire, and which afforded a sufficiency of vegetables for the supply of the household, besides flowers. Then, of course, I had to see his son, George, who when he first began to earn money issued the first ticket on the Bristol Tramways motor 'buses. Then he went across to Vancouver and dug himself in until war dug him out, and across to Europe he came, did his bit, got hit, and at a South-East coast centre met a young lady who entrusted her future to him. If all the girls who loved a soldier have such a home as this one, well, they are fortunate. "George, take out the car, and show Mr. Walker round the town," said the

father, and in a few minutes a McLaughlin car drew up at the gate. We decided to make a trip down the Kingsway and thence on the Pacific Highway which runs some 1,800 miles down through parts of Canada, the United States, into Mexico. They do know how to make concrete roads in Canada. As we started I saw such a sight as I have never seen before; that was a continuous chain of empty beer bottles filling the shallow roadside ditch from Vancouver to Blaine, in the United States, which are supposed to be dry, and I was told that a number of men made quite a respectable living by gathering these bottles up and reselling them to the breweries. How the car speeded along on the smooth, beautifully clean surface, but it needed skill in driving, as there was only just sufficient room for two cars to pass.

What a genial motor party we were as we speeded along the concrete surface of that Pacific highway. Oh! the number of cars that were coming up from the United States. It meant that they must reach Vancouver and turn back, as the roadway across Canada was not yet fit for motors to travel. Fire here, there, everywhere, and smoke haze on the roadway; but there was one spot the fire had not reached, that was a veritable canyon of vegetation. Hitherto I had looked down canyons to swirling waters; now I had to crane my neck and gaze up through one to the clear blue sky. A bee-line had been cut through that primæval forest. On went the car, and we noted the Henry Ford camp outfits. They have solved the difficulty of holiday lodgings in the U.S.A. and Canada; a side tent is rigged up to the car, and all is well. Goodness, how they burn the virgin soil in making clearings for settlements. In British Columbia even an old

hen is a chicken, and they know how to rear and eat chickens there. Big lordly pheasants strolled across the road just as though they were in the woodland glades of some ducal domain at home, and partridges dusted themselves beside the highway, and did not shift when our motor passed them by.

I had received a letter at home requesting me to hunt up a Mrs. Smith at Cloverdale. It was a Sherlock Holmes' quest; first we went into a shop and obtained a glass of quite palatable cider, then commenced inquiries. Yes, the man in charge of the Government liquor store might unfold a tale. We went there. He knew the lady right enough, but she had gone on a visit to Vancouver. We were done, but right on we went, for surely were we not going to have it out with Uncle Sam and his Customs. The Automobile Club was helpful; its representative made an inventory of our car and its contents, and more particularly of the tyres on the wheels. One of these was likely to land us in trouble, because by reason of a burst and a repair it was nameless and could not be identified. If we happened to make an exchange of it in the U.S.A., on our return we should have to pay for introducing it to Canada, through its Customs. At last we got our necessary papers and ventured to appreciate Uncle Sam's custodians. Why, they were as mild as lambs, and on we went.

We held up the car to go and have a look at that wonderful Peace Arch on the boundary line between Canada and the United States, erected to commemorate 100 years of peace existing between the two nations. Inside is a gate stapled to the wall, which, it is hoped, will never be shut. Somehow this arch made a most sentimental appeal to us, and as yet there is no road

through it, as the Pacific highway makes a bend around a piece of orchard land. Now, if some of Uncle Sam's boys were to go through that arch and make a raid on and annex those apples, what would be the diplomatic procedure after? Such a thought was too much for us, and so we resolved to dine in the U.S.A. instead.

Hardly had we seated ourselves when a man promptly queried, "Where from?" "Why, from England, to be sure." "I lived there once," he added; "it was down in Cornwall, and when I came over here I brought some Cornish gorse with me, and I kept it, and have grown it for 20 years, and there is some of it now in the graveyard." Truly here was an instance of how sentiment had held good, and I thought of that inscription I had read on the Peace Arch a few minutes before, "Brethren dwelling in unity. Children of a common mother. May these gates never be closed, 1814, open 100 years, 1914." And has not the coming out of these from the old country been the means of keeping those gates open? I and Payton went and sat on a pile of drift-wood logs cast up by the sea, and I learnt how that bit of boundary line extending the three-mile limit into the sea enabled Uncle Sam to catch those salmon that would otherwise find their way to the Fraser river and into the canneries. Of course, we were reminiscent. Payton went to work on the Midland Railway in 1869; he was discharged from the Bristol Police Force to die in 1873. Resolving not to do this, he went to work for the Great Western Railway, and at Temple Meads he remained until pension time came, and he appears likely to draw it for a long time yet in the salubrious air of British Columbia. I had made up my mind to go farther down the States, and I began



to think and hanker for the first time for my old pal and companion Duggie and its sidecar. Now, if I had only my Douglas motor cycle with me on that beautiful-running road, we could soon do the 1,800 miles to Mexico and back, and gaze at the filmy stars on the way. Why they do not use more motor-cycles in Vancouver I cannot make out, with this superb track available. But still there was little harm in continuing our run to Bellingham, the home of the tulip industry, and I was going to learn a bit about bulb and flower-seed growing on that Pacific coast. Uncle Sam does not pay out for what he can produce at home. The cars had turned round, a most glorious evening ride, with the blaze of sunshine directing us to that cool green avenue, amidst those tall trees. We ran back to Vancouver, to continue our Sherlock Holmes's quest, who, we had now heard, was located with a Mr. John Tripp, a relative of well known Bristol and Stonehouse families. But cars go wrong over there as well as here, and so we ran into a most superb garage, a building of artistic taste and stability, and which I should like to see adopted over here in England. There were gas, as petrol is called over there, and free air to lift that deflated tyre, and water, also without charge, to satisfy the thirst of the radiator. But there was something else wrong; the mechanic was out and at work. He knew where to go and got there. Nothing less than a ten-bob job in England; it was a two-bob job over there where everyone has got a motor-car. By jingo, what a fine bridge at New Westminster, and the wealth of the flowers in the gardens. It was roses and annuals everywhere.

Into Vancouver. The lights of a vast city welcomed us but we had to find Mr. John Tripp and he was

discovered busy at work erecting a new home for himself, his wife, and family. Over a picture was the brush of a fox that had taken a hen or two in the Berkeley Vale, and had to run its best in consequence. That brush is now 6,000 miles from where Reynard was broken up, and young Canada eyed it, and might have wondered why daddy had it. I had many remembrances to deliver, and I have not quite finished them yet. I must to Hornsby Somer's home. A real English-Scotch welcome there, and right away there was a musical evening. Others from the West of England came in. And I wondered why it was that a West of England Society was not formed in Vancouver. Midnight again. Next morning I was early astir to go and see a salmon cannery in full work. Goodness only knows how many racecourses we passed on our way there. They seem to have plenty of race meetings, and the wonder is where they get the horses to run on them. As we neared the cannery, more and more Japanese were seen in their orderly well-kept homes, with a flower or two always near them. When I arrived the boats were disgorging their catch of fish, caught in the main by Japanese fishermen. In the cannery, how the process went on. John Chinaman was the worker here, with that calm, inscrutable face. But there was something that worked more rapidly than even he, and that was the mechanical chink, a machine that was absolutely uncanny in its methods. No matter what the size or the weight of the fish, it was beheaded, scraped, cleaned, gutted and handed over before one's eyes could give two twinkles of astonishment. All the processes were carried through with absolute cleanliness and methodical accuracy. Of what value must the harvest of the sea and the canning



*Trans-Canada Photo Service, Vancouver, B.C.*  
THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY, near VANCOUVER, 1,760 miles long, from Mexico  
to Vancouver.



THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS

industry be to British Columbia ! I wondered to what part of the world and on whose tables would go the salmon that had been tossed out of the fishing boats, that morning. Surely the salmon is rightly named the "fish of mystery." Back to Vancouver. Dr. Klink had made me give half a promise to go and have a look at his extensive educational establishment, where I had heard that agriculture was really taught ; but I wanted to see the Fair or Show at Victoria, and if I didn't sail that day I should certainly miss it. I know no more delightful trip than from Vancouver to Victoria. The well kept and commodious boats, one succession of alternating views of wooded islands, deep inlets, jutting promontories, and such lovely air. The Pacific air differed from that of the Atlantic ; it was not strong, it was softer, the sun shone and glinted over the waters, and pleasure boats were here and there. Late in the afternoon we made our way round to Victoria. What an amount of money had been spent since I was there last on seaside accommodation, in the endeavour to make Victoria a port of importance. I made my way from the boat to the Empress Hotel, one of the most wonderful hotels I ever set foot in. It has a charm, a freedom, an elegance of comfort absolutely its own. It has a rose garden, with all my home favourites and hundreds of others beside ; in fact, were it not such a palatial building it might well be described as embowered in roses. Near by is the Parliament building. Everything soft, restful, beautiful. Oh, once in my life for a fortnight's real holiday.

Surely the rotunda of the Empress Hotel was the meeting-place of the people of the nations of the world. That Tower of Babel must have had a deal to answer for, or rather those who tried to build it. When on the

European continent French generally is the master-key to unloosen the tongues of those otherwise linguistically dumb, and here it's English that does the trick. Goodness knows how many I chatted to who had just stepped off a ship or were waiting for a ship to take them on their world tour. How many of us when we have strolled in the magnificent foyer of the Opera House in Paris have noted that gaily-dressed crowd representative of all nations. It's just to see and be seen because one may happen to be famous in some branch of life's work, but more often because we have been able to raise the needful to secure admission to that parade of gaiety. But here it's so different. No one is in a hurry; everyone has ample leisure. There is no call of the stage to hurry one away. Somehow we are chatting to one another before we know it. There's that tall Cornstalker from Australia; the retiring lady and her pretty daughter from New Zealand; a turbaned individual who has been reading English rural life, and above everything desires to see the land of Lorna Doone. It's a strange group, but we chat away as though we had known one another for years.

There's an American. He has come right up from New Orleans by motor, striking across to the Pacific highway at Vancouver. He had put his motor on the boat, and for quite a moderate fee he has had it landed in Vancouver Island and it is garaged in Victoria. He has heard of the fame of the Marine drive and is going to have his full of it. A friend of his has come from New Orleans to spend his pleasure time three times in six years. 'Tis not well to write of an American taking a holiday. By Jingo, they put more energy into it than some people do into their work.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ASTUTE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE. A MIGHTY TELESCOPE. A WORLD FAMED SUNK GARDEN. VICTORIA FAIR. A HAM GAMBLE. AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRADE. FAREWELL TO VICTORIA.

I was intent upon learning something about the agriculture of British Columbia, and just across the way were the Parliament buildings. It was early yet, and I went into the Provincial Museum. It was unlike other museums because it did not contain an ultra-collection of the world's curiosities, but it was simply superb in the wealth of its native collections of totem poles, etc.—strange that the native religion should have run to the worship of birds—the implements of the chase, and the wonderful array of zoological specimens, nearly all home grown.

Off to the Parliament building to see the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. E. D. Barrow. He was evidently the right man in the right place. He had come out from Hampshire in the days gone by, and like many another man had put his back into it. He knew what it was to wear gumboots and help excavate a drainage trench, and in doing so he had noticed the immense possibilities of a land drainage and reclamation scheme which, as a Minister, he was to carry into effect. He was one of the pioneers in formulating the success of the Fraser River Dairy Scheme, which I dealt with previously. To chat with someone like this who knew Canadian conditions as he did was worth coming all the

way from England. We chatted about many things, and then he confided to me he had one problem—that was what to do with the farmer who would not join any organisation that had been established for the benefit of agriculture, but was only too willing to partake of all the benefits that could be derived from it without expending one penny in return. It was a problem that would have to be dealt with.

Morning gone. I had to hurry back to the hotel for luncheon, as two of the public spirited citizens of Victoria had offered to take me for a motor drive, and show me at least some of the island. We made a call for the Chief Publicity Officer, and I never came across a better informed individual; he had Victoria and Vancouver Island at his finger tips. What a drive; the concrete surface of the roads was excellent, but that Marine Drive had not been laid out as a speedway, but really for what its name indicated—a Marine Drive. It was not laid out on strict rectilinear principles to be intersected, but it twisted, turned, came nearly round on itself, and then away again, so reminiscent of an old country lane in Somerset. But here we had the sea on one hand and that inland scenery on the other. Out to Oak Bay, the pretty seaside residences designed, not merely run up. What a spot for children to romp in, and where better to spend the declining years of one's age? Each twist, each turn gave us something new. At one moment we were running alongside the sea, noting where the Indians of old hid their canoes before starting off on a predatory raid, and how they had excavated trenches to defend themselves when the raider sought to pay a return visit. In to the shadow of those dense woods containing the growths of centuries. Anon in to agricultural



districts, herds of Friesian cattle, and the intensive culture of small holders. Apple orchards laden with fruit, but it's the berry harvest that claims so much attention. Acres upon acres of Himalaya blackberries, all trained on wires, and such loganberries! By the way, loganberry wine is an excellent fruit drink. The strawberry season was over; they occasionally get two crops per year. One kind known as the ever-bearing is occasionally in fruit for some six months in the year. Forty acres is deemed quite sufficient for a man and his family's capabilities, and, by Jingo, they wanted old world prices for some of the new lands. There are chickens here, there, everywhere.

I would see the second largest telescope in the world, which was housed on a mountain nearly so high as to free it from the effects of fog. What a wealth of detail and exactitude; it is of the reflecting type with a large concave mirror 73 in. in diameter, 12 in. thick, weighing about 4,250 lbs., with the upper reflecting surface polished to an accuracy of 1-400,000th of an inch, and brightly silvered. The total weight of the moving parts is some 45 tons, yet so beautifully is it balanced that it can readily be moved by hand if so desired. So science had reached this part of the world.

Those who have visited the fine old Midland town of Shrewsbury know to what an extent the quarry entered into the amenities of life as regards that town. Firstly, a deal of money was taken out of that quarry; then a deal put back into it again until it became beautiful. But it cannot equal the famous sunk garden near Victoria.

Where did all those motor-cars come from—and they were all moving in the same direction. We joined the stream, and were soon in one of the modernised

show spots of Vancouver Island. A decade or so since the strict money-making utilitarianism of Mr. Butchart had caused his employes to dig deep holes in the rocks in order to extract the necessary amount of stone for conversion into cement. The more the business grew the larger the hole, until, in fact it became a yawning chasm that would have taken hundreds of years to weather down, much less become an object of beauty. But happily for that part of the world, Mr. Butchart had a wife with an artistic temperament. To note that yawning chasm which might well have been selected as a suitable subject for a Doré illustration, and to behold it often, began to get on her nerves, and she conceived the idea of turning it from a picture of desolation into something to appeal to the eye. Hundreds of tons of beautiful loamy soil were brought into that quarry, an artificial lake was made, trees and shrubs were planted, roses, as well as climbing vines and trailing plants, were accommodated on the face of those bare rocks, and then seeds were sown. The whole, added to year by year, now constitutes one of the most beautiful gardens it is possible to imagine. The walls of the quarry run up more than 100 feet, and perspective has been studied to its finest detail. There are acres of rose gardens, in which are bush, standards, and such pergolas. There are rippling streams flowing through the Japanese garden, spanned by miniature rustic bridges and flanked by shrines. Then anon one comes out into more open spaces, which are simply ablaze with floriferous annuals of the most luxurious growth and brilliant hues; in fact, the bare stones and ugly rifts have been as though touched by a fairy's wand and converted into a floral Paradise. A visit makes one sigh for others to follow.

The place has kindly been opened free to all comers, and I was sorry to note that vandalism was far from being unknown. What a large sum could here be obtained for charity if only a small charge was made—and who would begrudge it? When I was in Victoria before, this garden was not known. Now it is gaining world fame. We regain our car and have a look at those dinky little bays and sandy beaches, fringed by superb vegetation. How one could seemingly bathe and dive down into these transparent depths to find a mermaid. Perchance if not, why, one could just sit on the beach and throw the bait into the throats of those fishes waiting to be caught. Too indolent for this, one could bask in the sunshine, undisturbed by the madding crowds, and caring not whether they existed or otherwise. How could I tear myself away? But there, at my time of life I must not become poetical. Those fine concrete roads again. Another way back. Here was a big building estate, laid out even to the electric lamps on the sidewalks. Further developments had been stopped by the war. The wealth of flowers in the gardens of the houses that had been erected. Later in the day I was off to Victoria Fair. It would gratify even the Royal Agricultural Society of England to have such a well-fitted up permanent showyard as that which Victoria possesses. Truth to tell, the greater portion of the sheds are utilised for the accommodation of the horses at the various race meetings that are held on that site. This, of course, provides a solid cash foundation that keeps the Committee in a perpetual state of prosperity. Trams run right out to the show field.

It was not long before I found the Secretary of the show, which was being held as far across Canada as it

was seemingly possible to hold one. What the island could not produce had to be brought by sea transit. I had a look at the Forestry section, staged in a large building, and I do not remember seeing one more attractively arranged alike from a spectacular as well as an educational point of view. Thence into the cattle barn. Here the Aberdeen Angus as well as the Guernseys made a capital display. The Herefords were well represented, but the Shorthorns had mainly to rely upon the Prince of Wales's exhibits. What a mine of livestock wealth he is opening up for Canada. The Friesians only made a moderate show. The Canadians do not bestow the amount of make-up on their animals as they do in Scotland. There were some good Clydesdales and Percherons amongst the horses, but Shires were conspicuous by their absence. In the sheep section the exhibits shown in their natural uncoloured wool were good, particularly so the Prince of Wales's Hampshires. The pig section was a decidedly mixed up lot. There were Whites and old-fashioned Tamworths, and the general appearance of this section did not impress me at all favourably. There appears to be ample opportunity to push the pig in the show life of Western Canada. There is far and away too much wait for age development over there instead of breeding the quality right in them. The show ring life was much as ours, but I did not waste time on this as going thoroughly into the smaller cultures. I saw the finest display of tame rabbits of all varieties of breed that I ever inspected, with one exception, and that was at the Dutch show at The Hague. There were hundreds of them, and they were particularly good on the fur bearers. The judge was still busy at work, and he most certainly did not have an enviable task. Another



BUTCHART'S SUNKEN GARDENS, near VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

big building was devoted to poultry, and here the Plymouth, or rather Barred Rock was much in evidence, there being some particularly good specimens. Rhode Island Reds were in goodly numbers. They are somewhat longer in the back than they are at home, and the judges did not note dark feathers in the plumage as they do here. A new breed was the Red Cornish. I went across and beheld our Indian game. What a crowd there was in to see the chickens and all that appertained to them. Small cultures. They can grow vegetables and fruits and display them. The leading storekeepers also take stands, and displayed some entrancingly beautiful dresses for the ladies to admire. There was a fine floral show, and, of course, the inevitable motor, with its display of safety arrangements, including bumpers before and behind. This saves many a car from being badly damaged. As the lights went up the Fun of the Fair came on. This was mainly along a row of standings known as the Skid Row. Everything conceivable was on sale there, from an appetising Hamburger steak to a hot dog. There were big-eyed dolls, all feathers and furbelows, the gilt was on the gingerbread and off it, and there was the whirl and skirl of the roundabouts. They have a sort of semi-vertical roulette wheel on which you can stake your chance for a small sum. Why, oh, why, did I do it? I have wooed Miss Kitty in vain at ha'penny nap; I cannot quite remember how many Art Union draws I have been in, but never got an eye on the picture. Once indeed in a Christmas raffle I won half a goose, and then it was which of us should cook it. Now it was just a dime, and if I won it was to be a picnic ham. I planked the money down on number thirteen, because I remembered that the

Gloucester Old Spot Society was started on the thirteenth day of one month, and it was real lucky at first. Whirl went the wheel, and it stopped at 13, and I was handed over a fine weighty picnic ham 6,000 miles at least away from home, and a wife that could cook it. I offered the ham to a brother gambler. He looked at me first as though I was tendering him a present of high game; in fact one of his nostrils had an old world aristocratic curl about it. That ham was neatly wrapped up. Could I take it back to my swagger hotel and ask the chef to cook it? Then I became an unwilling eavesdropper. He was telling a friend how at one of the Vancouver Fairs he had won one of these hams, and had proudly taken it home to his wife. She, with true thrift, had begun to broil some of it, then to boil the remainder, until for a week he had had nothing but ham. And now I had a ham what was I to do with it? I moved on. I saw a mother with three or four hopefuls. I would give it to her. It did not come off; at least that ham did not go off. It was time to be away. I got on the tram for the city. I got off, purposely leaving that ham on the seat. The conductor promptly eyed, stopped the car, and jogged along to me with it. "You have left your ham," said he. Once again I tucked it under my arm. I would put it on a window-sill in a dark street, but then they had no dark streets in Victoria, it was as bright as day. I began to calculate what would the cost of carriage of that ham be across Canada and freightage on the Atlantic. It was a consideration. I went and had a glass of ale to consider it. Of course I left the parcel on the chair, but that bar tender eyed it, and right away to a motor park I took it, and doubtless when the owner came back he found that his car had at least



provided him with a picnic ham. Next morning a trip to have a look at Esquimalt, where many a British wooden wall has found shelter and refit in days gone by. That one time naval base has now a dry dock worthy of the name. I wondered who was that old sea dog who noted the advantages of this spot. Back to Victoria. The town was busy. What a trade in English goods could be done here if the English commercial was there, as he should be, representing the lines of goods required, more especially English-made tweed clothing of good quality. A few "remembrances" to be gathered together, a call at the Publicity Office to say good bye to those who had helped me so much with information. Had I only followed up the plans that they had made for me I should have been resident in Victoria still. Back to the Empress Hotel to make still another discovery, that the Chief Engineer who had control of its many mechanical details was Mr. J. Penly, of Bristol, whose father and brother both reside at Shirehampton. Surely the world is small when we travel about it a little. The time came for me to set my back to the setting-sun, sinking beneath those waters of the Pacific. The homing instinct was upon me. I must be away back, though it was with regret that I felt that I must leave that haven, but it was only a stepping place to other wonders beyond for others to see.

There comes a time when the best of friends must part. It was time for one more ramble and then the boat. I met one of the would-be money makers; he had come to see me to impress on me the necessity for the manufacturers of England to study the requirements of Canada. Victoria could do especially with high-quality tweed ready-made clothing, with the

buttons sewn on firmly with thread, and not mere cotton, and the goods should be marked English and be up to the standard of guarantee that name implies. And then there was the souvenir trade. A dozen years ago there were souvenirs in plenty in Victoria. The Germans saw to that, but not now, although there was one shop given over to a display of Persian goods.

"Will you have a walk with me?" he asked. He took me up one of the principal thoroughfares. There were hanging baskets of flowers on the lamp standards which carried the cluster lights that were so brilliantly lit at night. This certainly contributed a great deal to the charm of that ideal holiday resort.

"Look in those windows." I did. "I want you to take this back to England—that the trade for English goods should be developed, but it must be quality goods and suitable for the trade. A couple of consignments of shoddy goods will do an immense amount of harm. Last year the principals of two of our leading firms had to go to England to select and purchase their goods. Twelve years ago people laughed at English goods. Now you will observe that they are pre-eminent and make best values. People here will pay the price if they can get the goods. By the way," he asked, "have you met an English commercial traveller in your tour over here?" I had to confess that I had not met one of those wearisome though useful specimens of trade civilisation. That conversation went right home to me as I walked back to the hotel. Here was I, right out on the Pacific Coast, a non-commercial traveller, having this dinned into me.

A speedy packing of my grip, one more ramble amidst the luxurious home life of that superb Empress Hotel, and for a farewell look at that rose garden so

reminiscent of dear old England. There was a lovely bud of "Glory be to thee John." Was it telepathy—the gardener, whose joy and pride that garden is, just snipped off and handed it to me for a button-hole. I had seen a great deal. The wonderful Observatory which could warn ships 3,000 miles distant of probable changes in the weather. Here toy balloons are converted into utility, as they are loosened and sometimes rise to over 40,000 feet, and by means of the telescope can be seen for over 20 miles. Then there was that wonderful dry dock. This gigantic hole blasted out of hard rock is 1,150 feet long, 149 feet wide at the top, and 126 at the bottom, and it is supposed to cost \$6,000,000. It is said that there is but one larger dock in the world, and that is the Commonwealth at Boston, Mass., which is 29 feet longer.

The Dominion Experimental Station, like so many others, is charmingly situated. It is about 15 miles from Victoria, situated on the Straits of Georgia. Here particular attention is devoted to fruits and their cultivation, practically every variety of pear, cherry, plum, and apple grown on the island being represented here and their merits or demerits carefully recorded each year. There was another item that a Dutchman would not appreciate. Vancouver Island has been found highly suitable for bulb growing, and these compare well with imported ones, and how they look after the bees to fertilise those fruit trees.

And here, like at all other stations, a very attractive little park has been set aside for the accommodation of visitors and picnic parties. In it are many rare plants and shrubs which the geniality of the climate permits to be grown. And I was to leave all this. True it was with a sigh of regret that I saw the porter

depart with my grip for the boat. Before starting he assured me that it was packed from end to end, so many people were on the move. How well fitted that boat, but it is to be superseded by even larger and more sumptuously appointed ones, the growth of the American traffic via Seattle necessitating it, and after negotiating the channels and inlets our boat was heading eastward for the mainland of Canada. The lights that guide the seaman on his way were blinking here, there, and everywhere, to warn the seaman of his danger. Hardly a ripple on those waters as from the deck I saw the sun rise through the grey mists. My! what an amount of shipping either entering or coming from that growing port, Vancouver, big rafts of timber being towed into a port where lock gates are not required. One gains a fine impression of Vancouver with its immense grain elevators and real live hustle coming in from the sea. The more I saw of that port on the Pacific the more I liked it, and marvelled at its wonderful development in so short a time.

## CHAPTER XXV.

RETURNING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.  
MOUNT STEPHEN. THE GREAT DIVIDE.  
LEAVING THE ROCKIES. HARVEST ON THE  
PRAIRIES. AMERICAN OPINION. THE  
FARMERS' WHEAT POOL.

How that heavily-laden train laboured on, and when it slowed up at a station it was wonderful to note, firstly, that it was arranged scenically, and then kept up to it. There were neat lawns, nicely planted flowers, and if there was an unusually high mountain near by, there was the sign pointing to it with its name painted thereon. It was wonderful how those dining car arrangements held up to the attacks made on them. The passengers waited in queues, and if a diner had done himself well, and desired to come out, well the compensating advantage was that those he had to pass on the way out had not dined. There was that river narrowing in to form a canyon, and then widening out. Two railways now occupied the trails that formerly went along those banks, and what different geological formations were disclosed to our view as the train meandered along on its tortuous course. Anon it was mountain air; higher and higher we went up, thousands of feet alongside Mount Stephen. There was the Great Divide, that little rippling stream that came along until it broke in two and for a short distance ran alongside each other, and then each set out on their separate courses, never to meet again, but to discharge into two different oceans, thousands of miles apart.

We were on top of a slope; there was a distinct

rattle ; but the train ran on until at last it came to a standstill on one of the levels. Then it was discovered that a cylinder head on the engine had blown off. There we were, miles from everywhere. In a few minutes the conductor had hooked up a telephone to the wires that ran alongside the line, communication was made with the nearest depot, and soon relief was on its way. When the fresh engine was hitched on, it made light of its burden. As I returned to the carriage, my companion, whose dear mother had packed his bag so well, complained of train sickness. It must have been those goodies. There were school teachers from the States ; they had been travelling to learn. More scenery, and the sad side ! There might be an islet in the stream ; on its surface was a little graveyard, still tended and kept neat and tidy. Did those crosses denote the resting place of the pioneers whose labours had so facilitated the easy travel of to-day ?

Once again I was leaving those memorable Rockies. Here, indeed, was the scenic side of Canada. Now I was coming back to see the effects of wheat-growing and how Canada could easily feed this old homeland of ours, not only with bread, but good beef as well. The train drew up at Calgary.

Having cleared the scenic beauties of the never-to-be forgotten Rockies, I was determined to make myself acquainted with the more prosaic details of prairie farming ; in fact, where the bread basket of the British Empire is filled. Any text book will give details of huge compilations of statistics, but I wanted to go and see for myself. In Canada, as at home, it is rather difficult for an outsider to probe right into the details of financial results from farming. The main opportunity to do so is afforded by the faculties of observation.

I then went out to see some of the farms on the irrigated section, the dam at Bassano being near completion on the occasion of my previous visit. There is not the slightest doubt that irrigation entails far more labour than dry farming, and my impression was that the majority of these wet land farmers had bitten off far more than they could chew, the hard fact being that they were endeavouring to farm too much. Here I saw every opportunity for improvement in small cultures, pig-keeping especially. We hear a great deal in England about the dams on the Nile and the fertility which the waters held back by them bestow on Egypt and the Sudan, but very little of the possibilities of the rivers of Canada as regards irrigation.

On the train once again, having said good bye to those friends at Calgary. Messrs. Naismith, Hutton, R. Smith, and others who had given me so much interesting information. Even the head porter at the Palliser hotel had offered to drive me out to have a look at his farm. Nearly everyone in Canada appears to have a finger in the land-pie. Once again in the trans Continental train with that pair of good glasses with which I could sweep the country to the horizon. The period of harvest was at hand, and, by jingo, the "hired men" do keep the teams moving attached to those self-binders. They gain a great deal by the wheat being drilled on the flat and not on ridges as in England. The whole of the household were out in the field, the farmer, his wife, his sons, and his daughter, and there was no eight hours a day only with overtime. When I awoke early in the train, just as that magnificent sun was peering across the huge plain of golden wheat, there were signs of life and animation around those

shacks, or rather houses, or better still the barns, as the barn is the most prominent feature of a Canadian prairie homestead. But even these were not so noticeable as a dozen years since by reason of belts of shelter trees that had been planted and grown up around them. The headworks of those wheat mines had visibly altered. Of all things unchanged in the crudeness of their severe utilitarianism at each station stood the grain elevators, armour plated to defy the elements. Alike the most useful and the ugliest thing in Canada is the grain elevator. Will ever some inspired genius arise to give them some form of architectural grace?

A fellow-traveller was a farmer from the neighbourhood of Maddison, Wisconsin. He was travelling with a double purpose—one was to collect some overdue mortgage interest, and if he obtained it, to go to Winnipeg stockyards and invest in some of the cheap young steers and take them back with him to the U.S.A. The small lakes were fairly dotted over with the numerous wild duck. Medicine Hat, where they fail to turn down the street gas lights by day because it is cheaper to burn the gas than utilise labour to save it; Indian Head, with its fine wheat lands; Moose Jaw, Regina, and then once more to Winnipeg. I had determined to go right out to a farm in Manitoba to study that pest, the sowthistle, which is one of the grain-growing problems that the Canadian Government and the Canadian farmer alike will have to consider in the very near future, as it has become an intolerable pest. It was too late to start out on the day of my arrival, so once more I strolled up through Main Street. I entered an elevator and was whisked far up. Here in a neat set of offices was



established the directors of the Farmers' Wheat Pool run by the farmers for the benefit of the farmers. Not far away was that hefty building, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, with its hundreds of offices, not run by the farmers but by those who would benefit by the farmers' productive efforts. I thought as I looked from one to the other that if I came over here again a dozen years hence which of these two will be in existence? It is one of the Canadian problems of the wheat industry.

Soon the streets of Winnipeg will be as riddled as those of London with pipes and conduits; they were up for the installation of a steam heating plant; it was a fine system that was being put in.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A MANITOBA FARM. SOWTHISTLE. CANADIAN CATTLE FOR ENGLAND. IN THE STOCKYARDS AT WINNIPEG. POOR PIGS. HERB EDWARDS. LEAVING FOR TORONTO.

Next morning I was going out to see those sow-thistles, and a lady was also going to show me working a colonisation scheme for workers. The first part of the journey was by rail, and I saw what a circle the real estate man had put around Winnipeg in view of its building expansion. This drives civilisation far back. Arrived at the Station, Henry Ford awaited our arrival. A would-be harvester sought a lift, and it was readily given. The old English country fashion of saving a stranger's feet happily continues to exist in Canada. I duly arrived at the farm, run on most ingenious lines for Canada. Firstly, as regards the somewhat elaborate homestead. In the cellar a central heating apparatus had been installed, which kept the house comfortably warm in winter, and round the house enclosed verandahs had been built, which served as additional sleeping and living rooms in the summer. A small engine and pump jack was beside each well, thus ensuring a plentiful supply of water. There was a garden with plenty of vegetables, including squashes, melons, cucumbers, etc., and a fine lot of raspberries. A lot of fowls—for a bit I could not make out their appearance. Then I learnt that at six weeks old their combs and lobes were cut off close to prevent their being frost-bitten in the winter, as the air is apt to

be nippy when the thermometer drops below zero. Close by I saw the other extreme. The owner of this farm had invested in a herd of white pigs. The sun had proved too much for them, and they were simply one mass of scabs and blisters caused by sun-scalds. Pigs with some pigment in their skins are evidently essential to stand the penetrating rays of the summer sun of Canada. These sun-scalds must be a source of great irritation to the pigs, and considerable loss to their owners. Though horses winter well on the open prairie, other domestic stock need shelter, and on this farm of Mr. Williams I saw a system of housing for stock that might well be adopted on other prairie farms. A number of upright posts, strong enough to carry a roof, are put in the ground during the summer in a somewhat sheltered spot. If possible logs are put across the top to support straw to form a roof. Then ordinary wire pig fencing is placed around the outside posts and a similar lot inside sufficiently far apart to allow of 18 inches of straw to be placed between, thus forming a warm wall. In such a shed cattle winter well. It was alike efficient as well as cheap, and also utilised that waste straw which would otherwise be disposed of by burning on prairie farms. Out in the fields I saw some very fine pieces of wheat and oats, where the land had been deeply summer fallowed. There was very little sow thistle, but on stubble sown there it was. Thorough and persistent cultivation is apparently the only remedy.

As I wandered over that farm of Mr. Williams I noted that he had bored very successfully in various places for water, and the supply was near icy cold. This was especially helpful for his dairying efforts. I should have liked to have seen more of this farm; but I had

to be away. Truly, Henry Ford had to make time, but at one spot the ladies of the party could not resist the temptation to order a stop, so that they could fill their arms with huge bouquets of wild roadside flowers, comprising several varieties of Michaelmas daisies, "farewell summers," and such-like autumnal flowers of the garden; but so natural over there. When we regained the car the driver stirred it up a bit to recover lost time. Then it happened that the fastenings of that detachable rim gave way, and there we were, miles from anywhere. What could we do? I saw in visionary form that train gliding away, and it would mean another day in Winnipeg. However, by mutual goodwill and joint effort, we made a stop-gap repair, and I reached Winnipeg in time to spend another evening there. And a right profitable evening it was, because those shippers of so-called Canadian store cattle to England were there to learn of the latest ideas on this side of the Atlantic. I pointed out the fallacy of sending us older cattle with their horns sawn off and callosed over, compared with the good demand and remunerative prices to be obtained for two-year-old steers right away from the ranches. The pros and cons were thoroughly discussed until the midnight hour, and I found a determined opinion to build up and strengthen this cattle trade with England and the port of Bristol. It is bound to grow when Canada improves the quality of some of her prairie cattle, which were not so good as those on the ranches nearer the Rockies. The prairie farmer must study the provision of winter shelter for his cattle; to allow them to eat their way through the straw heaps left by the threshing machines cannot be deemed sufficient.

As I was going to the lift at the Royal Alexandra, a

smart young fellow came to me. He said that he came from Bristol and that his father's name was George Hunt, a resident on the Wells Road, at Knowle. He was eager for news from his old town.

I was early astir next morning, for I had made up my mind to have a first-hand view of the stockyards at Winnipeg. They had been shifted from where they were twelve years before, right away out on the borders of the town. My experiences there were decidedly interesting.

I first took a tramcar, then changed from this to a 'bus, and by this means got to the immense stockyards. So much space devoted to a mere stock market would frighten the average Englishman who saw such apparent waste of space for the first time. Next to this came the big bars and extra strong gates, absolutely necessary to control some of the wild ranch cattle. There was absolutely no direction; one had to ferret out one's way. I came across my American friend from the train; he was trying to bargain for a nice bunch of young cattle at 5 cents., or roughly 2½d. per lb., as they stood. By jingo, I thought, how in the world can they produce cattle, rear them, and sell them. I made general inquiries, and found that it was just an ordinary and not a slump market, and I worked it out that if the Canadian farmer consigned these direct, without intermediaries, he could easily knock the financial stuffing out of the most astute breeder amongst us on this side of the Atlantic. I inquired as to railway rates and freightages, and found this was possible; but I also found that if Uncle Sam took off the little bit of duty that he had placed on Canadian cattle coming over the boundary-line he would obtain the cattle and we should not.

The cattle were placed in big pens, with plenty of hay in the racks, and were evidently well cared for.

Next I desired to obtain an insight into the pig market. This was an education in itself, and I had for teacher, one Mr. Herb Edwards, about as cute and astute a man as I have met on either side of the water. Having satisfied himself that there was no money to be made from me, he then proceeded to enlighten me how he made money from others. Though there were flies in abundance on the floors, in the sunshine, and everywhere else in that pig section, there were none on Mr. Herb Edwards. From pen to pen he went, and I traced back the conglomeration of mongreldom to their sources, because to find a pure-bred pig as we knew it in England was a sheer impossibility. There were the Tamworth borers of the days gone by, that would drill a hole through the Rocky Mountains if only given time. There were the lard hog type from the States, not much wanted in Canada; some useful Berkshire-Tamworth crosses, and the most miserable Whites that I ever set eyes on; they were sun-blistered all over, their ears nearly cracked through at the base, and hardly a pig in the whole section that we in England should consider to be killable fat. I noticed a large number of one litter sows that had been sent in for slaughter. By jingo, I don't really know what would be said in England to the farmer who bred from such small gilts. The practice over there is to bring a gilt in with a litter in the spring, dispose of the litter and the dam and start afresh. Everything was sold by live weight, but a Government grader went through the bunch before they were allowed on the weighbridge, and his decision appeared to be beyond dispute. An automatic machine delivered the weight printed on a



SAINT JOHN HARBOUR, NEW BRUNSWICK.



EVANGELINE'S WELL, GRAN D PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA.



ticket. They seem to favour these automatic recorders in Canada, even to fitting them on taxi-cabs. There was much talk in the stockyards of the big steer that had been purchased there and consigned to Wembley. I came to the conclusion that though Winnipeg Union stockyards could send us good cattle, it will be some considerable time before it sends us pigs of the right sort.

I was now saying good-bye to Mid Canada, and hurrying along, joined up on the train in which I was to have a sound sleep through that country I described on my way out. In the morning I was at Toronto, and found that it was about as easy to sleep on a clothes line as to obtain a bed by reason of the great annual exhibition or fair being held. Anyway, at last I got accommodated by the proprietor of a funeral home; certainly a bit of a cheerful prospect. Then I set forth to see what I could at one of the most wonderful agricultural exhibitions that I have ever visited. The trades of the city were forming a procession on the occasion of their official visit to the fair.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE COMFORTS OF A FUNERAL HOME. TORONTO FAIR. WHERE WERE THE ENGLISH EXHIBITS? FIGURES THAT TELL.

Breakfast at the Funeral Home. I had learned overnight that everyone who possibly can accommodate a visitor is expected to do so on the occasion of the big annual Fair at Toronto. I was to breakfast with the family, or at least the missus, because the boss had to be away on business. Everything in the house was done by the mistress. She had neither servant, "help," nor even a charlady. How was it done? The reply was, solely by means of labour saving appliances, mainly electrical. Each room was wired, not only for lighting but for general purposes as well. As I sat down to breakfast there was an electric egg-boiler as well as toast rack on the table. The water kettle was right there from an electric point of view, an electric motor on the sewing machine, an electric flat-iron, and a washing machine and mangle turned by electric current. Here indeed was an example that some of our housewives at home would like to copy. Out into the town. It was procession day. The wealthy trades were headed by their bands, others only had banners flying. When I came to the entrance I nearly had a fit. The admission fee was 25 cents., roughly a shilling and a halfpenny. Now if Canada could run a show on a shilling admission, why cannot it be done in England? Perhaps there was little to see. I soon found out, however, that I had entered a Canadian

Wembley; and if Wembley had only such a number of motor-cars garaged outside as I saw inside the Toronto Exhibition, then its success would be assured. There were cars from practically all over America, San Francisco, New Orleans, even Mexico. The Canadian motorists are much more sensible than the English. They know that they have to park their motors as well as garage them, so these are fitted with bumpers fore and aft. This prevents a lot of smashing up. To see acres of cars at one time was something to wonder at. And what was more, there was also a motor show included in the Exhibition. Motor-car firms are not afraid of competition in Canada at least. There were cars of many makes and kinds, but not many motor-cycles. I strolled on and saw a huge board, "Government building," and it would be one of the most profitable items next year for the British Government to charter a steamer and put every official at the Ministry of Agriculture in it and send them across to the Toronto Exhibition to see how a Government Natural Resources Exhibition ought to be staged and run. No matter what a Canadian farmer required to know there was a specialist there with an exhibit to advise and instruct. At what English show have we seen a real collection of edible and non-edible fungi staged, yet here was one that would afford hours of study. Then a beaver dam, with real beavers being fed in it, and the many kinds of fur that Canada provides from the raw pelt to the most exquisite wrap. The educational effect of this must be seen to be properly appreciated. From building to building I wandered, each complete in itself. There was a flower show, and the big ring or judging hall all under cover. It could accommodate thousands and with room to

spare, and people are still interested in judging events in Canada. Overhead a fine poultry show, and a trade exhibition of how a boot is made, each process being shown. There were many breeds of cattle and of sheep, and much better pigs than I had seen back on the prairies, but to a stranger the placing of the prize award cards leaves much to be desired. In England we like to see them over the head of the animal as it stands in its class, but over there they like to aggregate them over a group of one exhibitor's animals.

I was hungry ; where should I lunch ? Then I was initiated into a novel form of Canadian catering. The ladies of various Guilds were banded together to do the waiting, and it was remarkably well done. For those who did not care to spend time over lunch there were plenty of "standings" in the Mid-Way. Here might be had a Hamburger steak, fried before one's eyes, and placed between a split roll ; or else a Hot Dog, which is the name for a smoked sausage, or half of a grilled chicken. The consumption of chicken must be much more in Canada than in England. And there are fancy drinks galore, always with ice. Evidently no one need go hungry long despite the immense crowds in the Exhibition. It was a scene of gaiety here, there, and everywhere, but behind it all was utility. There was no getting away from it ; one was always jostling up against it. The Exhibition was for a purpose. For instance, there was the Quadrant, in which were exhibits of manufactures from beyond the seas. I must admit that the French put up far and away the most attractive show, and that English exhibitors lagged behind. Amongst the English firms well represented was that of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Bristol. Their stand was most effectually set

out with cocoa and chocolate products. What an opportunity some of our English firms were losing I thought as I strolled round and about this building. Talk about popularising pig products. There were firms that had a chef frying strips of bacon and distributing them amongst interested visitors. Milk firms, with "drink more milk" appliances. Such a lot to be learned by an English agricultural journalist; but how much more by an English trade representative. A Hall of Electricity, with every form and device for making the housewife's task lighter. The domestic home life of Canada could be plainly read. As to "wireless," there were rows upon rows of sets, and a lecturer was constantly giving advice of the manifold possibilities of the Canadian Post Office. The avenues afforded a magnificent view of the big lake, out into which a breakwater had been built to protect the shores of the Exhibition grounds. In the machinery section there were but few English firms represented. I came across Mr. Stewart Lister, a son of Sir Ashton Lister, of Dursley. He was exhibiting practically the only English agricultural machinery that I saw. It was the same in the live stock section. Could not some of our best breeders form a little exhibition syndicate and send a few really good animals over? It would be remunerative. I cannot go into detail of this huge show, but the Girls' Inter-County Judging Competition was highly interesting, and might well be adopted over here. Then there came the finale in the evening. The huge grand stand was packed to its utmost limits, on the lawn in front was a massed crowd, one of the most orderly that I have ever seen, and it was to watch a huge patriotic spectacle entitled "Marching On," the scene being Windsor Castle. Nothing could have

been better conceived to stimulate the patriotism of a Dominion than this. The solemnity of a hymn, then the military movement and the introduction of popular songs, the words of which were thrown on a screen. The singing of these by the vast crowd was something indeed to be remembered, and this was followed by a display of fireworks for the finish. Truly it was something to knit the Empire together, for throughout the keynote was patriotism with a scenic background of bewildering expanse and beauty. I obtained a few facts from the managing director of the Exhibition, Mr. John G. Kent. The average attendance exceeded 110,000 visitors per day for the 14 days. The 1923 figures were:—Attendance, 1,493,000; receipts, \$1,052,000; admission, 25 cents.; annual cost of staging, \$700,000; prize list, \$85,000; value of buildings and plant, \$6,000,000; value of grounds, \$5,000,000; record attendance, 1,493,000; and record day's attendance, 230,000. It has been held annually for 46 years. The area of the park is 300 acres, the number of permanent buildings are 80; extent of the lake front one mile; indoor exhibit space, 1,250,000 sq. ft.; grand stand seating capacity, 16,800; grand standing room, 8,000; grand stand length, 725 feet; and stage and scenery length, 800 feet. Now, if this can be done in Canada, what ought we to do in England? Why I have gone into such detail is but to indicate how show life is bound up with agriculture in Canada.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CHEW MAGNA AT TORMORDEN. FRUIT GROWING AND MARKETING. NIAGARA. A WHISKEY COMEDY. A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK.

I had had a couple of visits to that vast Exhibition and I had yet more to do ; that was to go out and see the colony drawn from Chew Magna district and Bedminster Down at Tormorden. I had seen them as they were digging themselves in a dozen years before. Firstly I looked up Walley Veater, who had tramped many a weary mile carrying His Majesty's mails in the Chew Valley. He, like the many Canadians, had recrossed the seas and fought and bled for the Old Country in the Great War. He had built his house beside what was to become the main avenue of Tormorden, he had reared his family, some of whom had flitted to tasks of their own. His wife was one of the daughters of John Hill, at one time so well known on Bedminster Down. The old folks now are in their long sleep on Canadian soil. Nearby was the pretty home of Mr. Perry, late of Stanton Drew, whose wife was, home here, known as Miss Phyllis Bendall. They were building that home when I was there before, and now on the walls hung trophies and certificates won by members of the family, one daughter holding the typewriter speed championship of Canada. Most of us knew those weighty farmers in the Winford district, the Marshalls, and how young Jarge Evans came down off Chew Hill and courted Miss Llewellyn at Chew

Magna, and off they went to Canada. George saw that there was money in producing and selling milk in Canada, and right at it he went. Now George has turned the business over to his son and is taking life easy. In the evening I went to an amusement town which has grown up on the shores of the Lake slope at Toronto; it is called Sunnyside; here every variety of amusement that it is possible to imagine was in full operation and they certainly do not take their pleasures sadly over there.

Next morning it was early aboard one of those nicely-fitted lake steamers to take me across to the Niagara peninsula, primarily to study the fruit growing position and have a look at the scenery. Such a lovely trip across this vast sheet of fresh water. I was with the fruit growers. There is not the slightest doubt but that some of the plantations are growing older, and that berry cultivation is coming in alongside the grapes. But I was interested in the marketing. The soft fruits, like peaches and grapes, were packed in chip baskets, such as are in use in Cheddar, and covered with crimson-dyed cream clothing. This cotton network protected as well as enhanced the appearance of the fruit. These chips were taken from the fruit plantations to the railway station, and there I saw how Canada scored over Cheddar. The chips were packed on tiered wheeled crates of standard size built to take them. All that had to be done was to wheel the crate along the platform into the railway van or aboard ship. The fruit arrived at its destination with the minimum of handling and practically free from bruises.

I went on to admire the scenic beauties of Niagara. That once mighty chasm of roaring, tearing waters is



being spoilt by the numerous bridges that are spanning it. The National Park on the Canadian side is beautiful, and has been improved. We hear much of the traffic of Piccadilly Circus in London, but to stand for an hour at either end of that bridge is to obtain a life's lesson as to what constitutes motor traffic complicated by Customs regulations. Every make of Canadian or American car, but hardly one of English make—when it was—it was of our most expensive. They have a practice over there of utilising named flags as tour souvenirs and plastering the wind screens with names of places visited. Whatever may be said of that unfortified boundary, Uncle Sam likes to display his flag and allow his Customs representatives to be on view.

I had made up my mind for a little run down to New York and had secured a corner seat, when to my surprise who should come in but a Scotch gentleman, a fellow passenger on my way out. He was followed by the representative of the Stars and Stripes. Passport tickets, head tax, all in order.

“Anything dutiable?” No.

My Scotch friend: “I have a pocket flask containing some whisky, which I take under doctor's orders.”

“I must confiscate that,” says the official as he took it and pocketed it.

Even the canny Scot was for awhile taken aback. Then he hopped out of the carriage and made an appeal to the superior Customs official. “It's an old family silver flask; my name is engraved on it. Cannot I at least have the flask?” All in the train were interested in watching this little scene on the platform. Then the official took that flask, and unscrewing the top poured out the contents on the platform, and it

was a sight to behold those American noses protruding from the train and catching that now unusual perfume of real "Hieland mault."

By jingo, they appear to have no lack of material or of money to erect houses with in the United States.

New York with all its whirls and excitements. The Prince of Wales was the popular idol of the moment. A glimpse of Broadway, a visit to some of the sky scrapers.

And once more back to Canada. I had seen the wonderful developments caused by the utilisation of electric power. Who of those who have never left England can realise the potentialities of the wealth caused by the utilisation of the white coal of Niagara alone? and the results of this utilisation must necessarily come into direct competition with the energies obtained through the medium of our black diamonds. Which will win is one of those problems that an agriculturist should seek to solve.

But that boat trip back gave me other food for thought. As the boat called on the Canadian side of the river the piled-up crates of fruit were pushed on board, all as it went across to the U.S. side, none from U.S. because Canada protects the interests of her fruit growers, that margin of safety enables them to carry on. Toronto, away from the huge station, to arrive next morning once again in Montreal. As by diligent study of travel, I had a day or two in hand, I found that by putting on extra stress I could visit the portion of Canada so seldom written about nowadays by English writers, the Maritime Provinces.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

TO THE MARITIME PROVINCES. AN OLD  
WORLD FAIR AT SAINT JOHN. DIGBY AND  
ITS BLUE NOSE. NOVA SCOTIAN APPLES.  
HOW THEY ARE GROWN.

Once again back on more old world travel I beheld neatly-kept railway stations until I reached the State of Maine; here things apparently did not matter so much, as our wet dining-car had been uncoupled and all was now dry. I arrived in Saint John, New Brunswick, in the morning, and found it full of excitement at the building of a new hotel which evidently was sadly needed; work was proceeding both by day and night.

I was indeed fortunate to strike the town on the occasion of the holding of its annual Fair, another Agricultural Exhibition. It certainly afforded me much amusement to note the leisurely manner in which everything was done. It took most of the morning to decide which breed of cattle constituted the best family class—Jerseys, Guernseys, Shorthorns, Ayrshires; the Holsteins did not come out; ultimately the Jerseys won. Saint John had put up a fine first exhibition with the things that were produced there. The potato show was good, and I saw some excellent seed potatoes. Whether they were quite free from the possibilities of the Colorado beetle I know not; if they were, they would prove very helpful to England under present conditions.

The Nature Study exhibit was fine, and the encouragement of children's industry was excellent. A notable stand was one to obtain more milk for children. The amusements consisted of a cowboy show, a parachute descent, and a high dive. But the whole fair lacked the life and vitality of those in the West ; it was so old-world.

I was to sleep aboard the boat ; when I got to it I had a mind to ask the winchman to send up a line so that I could fasten it around me, and he might lower me down to the deck, so far, at low tide, was it beneath the quay walls. When I went on deck next morning it was to look down on that wall. Such was my first experience of the tides in the Bay of Fundy. As the morning opened we started off for a most delightful trip, a real smooth time across that bay of terrible schoolboy notoriety. I wanted to have a home view of that part of Canada that is one of the keenest competitors to us apple growers in the Western Counties of England.

As I got off the boat at Digby and was walking up the pier to join the world famous Blue-nose express I had one of the surprises of my life, at the same time realising how small the world is after all. For was there not walking along the pier Miss Arnaud, a well-known lady in Canadian circles in Bristol. It was but a few months before, I had met her in Bristol, and I did not realise that I should so soon find someone who could tell me all about Nova Scotia and the Annapolis Valley in particular, through which we were travelling by the Land of Evangeline route. First of all I had a real try to find out why that train was christened Blue Nose. No one appeared to exactly know why, but I can testify that travelling in it was quite comfortable.

Beside Miss Arnaud, whose father was Canadian Trade Commissioner in Bristol for a considerable time, I had one of the most delightful and informative travelling companions that I met throughout my tour, Mr. F. G. J. Comeau, and, singularly enough, he is the one great authority on the Nova Scotian apple. He told me that the apple was first introduced into Nova Scotia, or L'Arcadie, as the province was then called, by French settlers in the early part of the seventeenth century. In the United States the apple is said to have been brought from England in 1629. In Nova Scotia the apple was generally known as the cider apple. Thus it was probable that the apples grown there in those early days were of the kind that would to-day be utilised for cider making. This would be a safe inference, because the apples of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were grown purposely for making cider, but very few of those early or cider varieties remain in Nova Scotia to-day. The first records in Acadian history of the apple industry in Nova Scotia takes us back to 1635. On the occasion of a voyage made by Nicholas Denys in 1635 to La Have he reported that a missionary located in this territory had a beautiful garden in which were to be found several apple trees and pear trees, all well rooted and in healthy condition.

By this time we were running through the wonderful orchard lands of the famed Annapolis Valley, a belt of sandstone soil, about 100 miles long, and from six to fifteen miles wide. It is decidedly undulating, and has numerous streams of water, whose sources are in the mountain ranges, running north and south of the valley, which adds to its considerable scenic beauty. Fruit grown here have considerably better climatic

conditions than those grown in the three other great apple centres of Canada. The sea air from the Bay of Fundy condenses and supplies those nightly dews that gives necessary humidity to develop flavour. Of course, there is an experimental station. The first export of apples took place from Halifax in 1849. They were sent to Liverpool by sailing boat, and realised \$2.00 a barrel. In 1856 700 barrels were shipped to Boston by schooner, and realised \$2.75 per barrel. In 1861 the first consignment direct to London, England, yielded a disappointing result. The first steamer to bring apples over came in 1881, she carried 6,800 barrels, and the venture was fairly successful. After that the English markets in the main supplied the incentive for the planting of extensive orchards in Nova Scotia. The first trees were imported; now they are mostly grown in local nurseries. Where the honey was, the producer considered that he should have the money value thereof. So the Fruit Growers' Association was formed. Then came the commercial element as to fruit shipping, etc. In 1880 the marketable crop in the Annapolis Valley was about 30,000 barrels; in 1919 the crop had reached 2,000,000 barrels, and a market was found for them, and this could not have been dealt with without the huge provision for storage in the apple warehouses to be seen at nearly all railway stations. One of these alone has a storage capacity for 60,000 barrels. Cultivation is not left to pure chance, as there are thirty-five model orchards in Nova Scotia under the direction of the Provincial Department of Agriculture. These vary in size, being mostly from one to two acres each. They are distributed in the province where education on these lines is most needed. The purpose is in part

to try to find out which varieties are best adapted for the respective localities and to demonstrate the best methods of planting and caring for orchards, pruning, fertilisation, cultivation, etc. All these form part of the educational work undertaken by the Department of Agriculture in these sections. Here, as elsewhere in Canada, education is invariably associated with research. The manner in which these Government Experimental Stations open themselves out should be faithfully copied in this country. There is a standing invitation to "come and see" by the erection of a tea-house and a parking-place for motors, so that those from a distance can arrange a picnic and then take an educational stroll. The staffs are for the people, not the people for the staff. In Canada they get right down to the one they need to get at, and the Annapolis Valley is not an exception to the rule.

## CHAPTER XXX.

OLD WORLD HALIFAX. THE HOWE TOWER.  
NORTH ARM. EXPERIMENTAL STATION AT  
BLAIR. RECROSSING THE BAY OF FUNDY.  
SALAAMITES AT MONTREAL. QUEBEC.

At last into that old port of Halifax. I soon got fitted up at a hotel. How-old-world like the two waiters in dress-suits, the waitresses with the French display of linen, and everything so quiet. Here at last, amidst all the hurly-burly of Canada's rush, I had found its abode of rest. A big building had been started years before. Its gaunt steel framework still stood out against the sky. "When were the buildings in Halifax painted last?" I asked, and then I learnt the reason why they were not so spic and span; because as surely as a householder painted his house, up went his assessment, therefore the more rates he had to pay. And then to look into a shop window in the outlet port for the immense crop of apples in the Annapolis Valley. But despite all the education and abundance of production I noted that imported apples were being retailed in Halifax, and began to realise that there are other places than England that encourage its competitors.

Of course I must see Halifax, climb the steep slopes to the old fort, and there by the aid of glasses pick out what a wonderful place the town could well be with that magnificent land-locked sheet of water, which afforded such shelter to our ships during the war and now only seemingly known to our schoolboys



who are swatting for a geography prize. The North Arm, and that centre of attraction, the Clubhouse beside it. A drive through most charming woodland scenery on the other side of the Arm brought us past the anchor, which was hurtled through the air to remain as a reminder of that great explosion which caused such havoc. To the Howe Tower. I must climb those many steps, and as I went up I thought what a pity more care is not taken of some of those stones sent from other lands to be built into those damp walls. We in England would hold them in trust. At last after a mighty climb I saw Bristol's contribution to the tower, and I shall deem it a wonderful feat how Sir Frank Wills climbed those steps with his robes of office to unveil the memorial. He must have done it, as his name is there. I wonder whether at the subsequent banquet he sang "Clap a mustard plaster on my chest," which used to be his favourite song? Now here was I in that port of Canada nearest to Bristol. I had once more to turn my back to the rising sun and go Westward, but I had arranged to change over from one train and catch the next to pay a visit to the chief fruit growing experimental station.

The worthy professor in his car was waiting to take me to this experimental station at Blair. It was not far from the railway, but the site, like that of most of the other Canadian experimental stations, had been selected for scenic effect. The soil varied just as it should. Firstly, we had a look at the cattle. There were some good milkers, and the best White pigs that I had seen in Canada. They had been properly housed and cared for, and were not sunburnt and scabbed. The multitude of plots on the farm was simply appalling, and each meant a set of experiments.

The apple trees were well cared for and carrying capital crops, but they were all of culinary or dessert varieties, and not any vintage ones. It is here that I consider the Canadian apple schemes go wrong. If some vintage varieties particularly selected were grown to act as a blend with the market varieties the now considerable loss over non-gradable fruit might be converted into drinkable cider. One plot that particularly appealed to me was devoted to the production of onions, and there I saw more "gert inins" than I ever saw together before. I could easily write columns of the work of that farm, which I necessarily saw under the most hurried conditions; but there was one ground rock of fact that appealed to me. "Good work done here, and we do not keep it to ourselves." Back to the train. How interesting was the journey through Nova Scotia. The logging mills, the woodlands, grasslands with park-like views. Of course I glanced at Evangeline's Park! Some day, when the necessary work has been done, it will be a pretty place. The train was now a sight-seer. It stopped at stations, and I could note the aspect of the country, and formed an idea what a charming spot it must be from a tourist's point of view.

I heard wonders of the fishing of the streams, of a breed of pigs that existed near the seashore, that when the tide went out they sandlarked for food, and that they knew of the turn of the tide far out and were never trapped by its phenomenal rise. Once again Digby, and a still more delightful trip across the Bay of Fundy. It was interesting to see the huge flocks of gulls following the motor fishing boats. Who could think that that sea would be hurling lumps of ice about in the winter time? Saint John again; those big grain elevators stood out like forts

to guard the harbour. It was to be a night flit on the rail. Next morning it was Montreal, and was raining. I went to the hotel. Sorry, the town had been taken possession of by the Order of Salaam. Those Americans have great regard for conventions, and this was one of them. I fled from the hotel and went and booked a night-sleeper for Quebec. I needed some souvenirs, but Canada is not so gone on souvenirs now as it was a dozen years before. Next morning what a delightful run into Quebec, and then out and about. How different the town. There were the horsed calashes, most ornate cabs. The horses were more substantial than breedy, and it needed a good horse to pull those vehicles up and down the steep roadways. The shops were decidedly "Frenchy" in the set out of their goods, and it was mostly French that was spoken. There were knicks-knacks in plenty now. I had a look into the market. The poultry were plucked and trussed in French fashion—showing the back and not the breast. A climb up to the wonderful Hotel Frontenac. A huge tower containing a large number of rooms has been added, and yet it was crowded out by the tourist throng. A stroll on the Dufferin Terrace there to enjoy the wonderful panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. In an hour or two I should be steaming down it. Up to the Plains of Abraham to see Wolfe's Statue. What a truly wonderful mixture of the old and the new it combines in the history of Canada. Down to the river. My luggage was aboard the Empress of France. Another big trans-Atlantic steamer was just coming in with its decks crowded with human freight eager to see the New World whilst I had that hankering to learn what was still going on in the old.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### LEAVING CANADA. THE BEAUTIES OF ST. LAWRENCE RIVER. METAL MIKE. PRINCESS PAT'S BAND. SOUTHAMPTON. SUMMARISED IMPRESSIONS.

Soon those mighty cables were on board the "Empress of France," and we headed out into the St. Lawrence River. The charm of that trip, and the autumnal colourisations with the vivid blazing maples which were already brightening up the woodlands on the banks and sloping away to the hills, and then we settled down to the luxurious life of an Atlantic liner. When I came out on the "Empress of Scotland" it was all Scotch. Now the English element was there right enough. Commander Griffiths, a fine type of sea captain, knew at the same time that I should like to pry into some of the mysteries of modern up to date cross-Atlantic navigation, so one morning he took me down and introduced me to Mr. Metal Mike, one of the most ingenious mechanical electrical individuals that man made. From the time we left the St. Lawrence until we espied the Bishop it was not necessary for a man to touch the wheel; the course being set Metal Mike did the rest. A triumph of ocean navigation is that gyroscopic steering.

I shall never forget that lesson in navigation. The wonders of the internal economy of an Atlantic liner must be seen to be realised. It contains electric wiring enough for a small town, and yet every detail is known and watched over by someone. We were



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF FRANCE."



OFFICES OF THE WESTERN DAILY PRESS, BRISTOL.

indeed in for a good time, for surely had not Lieut. James brought the famous Princess Pat's Band aboard on their way to Wembley, and whether it was the symphony concert in the afternoon or the dance in the lovely saloon in the evening they made the hours speed by, and those swiftly moving feet move more quickly still. And with that ever-flowing source of mirth, Staff-Captain MacMurray, there was not a dull moment permissible for anyone. Those flirtations! Miss Al in the book with Mr. Dook, so shortly to end as we older ones glanced at them and went on deck to gaze out on Southampton Water. The Mayor of Southampton came on board to welcome Princess Pat's Band, whilst we did not welcome the too close attention of the Customs which might make us miss our train. Once more old cabby, and as I looked out of that antiquated vehicle and saw someone's well-cared for Douglas leaning against a wall. Oh, that I had it to speed off home again!

The G.W.R. took me on from Salisbury, and once again dear old sleepy, one-eyed Bristol. Not such a bad place to live in after all. Those two months of hustle had provided me with material enough to take six months to write about.

Now the summary. Had I really learnt anything, seen anything, or done anything different to what had been the case twelve years before? Yes, much. Canada must have secured a great influx of money to have developed so amazingly. The new buildings in the towns testified to this; but in the country it was not buildings as much as the replacement of the old horse rig for the more speedy motor-car. So long as it was a small car all was well, but the advent of the too big car had introduced the all-too-ill policy to the

prairie settler. The real estate men, with their one-time wonderful system of ramifications have outwardly vanished. Real estate is not spoken in Canada now. The idea of grab too much has received a rude shock. Farmers are required to work real farms, and not to be company agricultural wheat miners. Stock-breeding is certainly receiving more and more attention, and there is more room for it, particularly in the pig industry. The man and his family who cannot make good anywhere else, certainly will not make good in Canada, where the shirks speedily get the jerks. And yet for those who can and will work there is abundant opportunities, and if we need to send our surplus population to Canada, we must train them before they start in the ways of agriculture, and Canada must take a hand in their care when they arrive there. And it's up to Canadians to know the old country better, and that old country must and should know of the vast size and equal possibilities of Canada. And do not refer to Canada as American yet.

And hereby is one of the problems of the future. The Canadian is constantly being brought into contact with American life in all its forms. Money, politics, commerce, products, will not these in time make distance be forgotten? As the emigrant settles down he writes fewer and fewer letters home, and reads more and more American magazines, periodicals and newspapers, because those of old England do not reach him so often as they might. Yet there are unbroken relationships between the peoples and therefore we must not think of Canada as a rival producer, but rather as one of the mightiest links of production in our chain of Empire.

Is there a chance for home return trade? To use a



Canadian expression, "There most certainly is." But it will be only obtained and retained by careful study of Canada's requirements. Take, for instance, in Western Canada there is a fine demand for English ready-made clothing of good quality. The English firms certainly deliver the goods as regards quality, cut, and style, but they fail to sew the buttons on with anything stronger than cotton, and off they come, and thereby customers are lost and trade goes elsewhere. English firms must study Canadian requirements, else the present day manufacturers of Eastern Canada will push Westward into those vast areas of agricultural and timber production. These are the ideas that I obtained, not from hearsay or reading, but actual contact with the conditions prevailing in that wonderful country Canada, over many of whose trails I journeyed for the second time.

THE END.





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